

1268.9.20.  
2  
ALL  
OVIDS ELEGIES;

3. BOOKES.

*Ovidius Naso (P.)*  
By C. M.

Epigrams by J. D.



AT MIDDLEBOVRGH.

ALL

OVIDS EPIGRAMS

3 BOOKS

By C. M.

Epigrams by J. D.

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P. Ovidii Nasonis Amorum,  
Liber primus.

ELEGIA. I.

*Quemadmodum a Cupidine pro bellis  
amores scribere coactus sit.*

WE which were *Ovids* five books, now are three,  
For these before the rest preferreth he,  
If reading five thou plainst of tediousnesse,  
Two rane away, thy labour will be lesse.

VVith Muse prepar'd I meant to sing of Armes,  
Chusing a Subject fit for fierce alarms.

Both verses were alike, till love (men say)

Began to smile and tooke one foot away.

Rath boy, who gave thee power to change a line?

VVe are the Muses Prophets, none of thine.

What if thy mother take *Dianaes* bowe?

Shall *Dian* fanne, when love begins to glow.

In wooddie groves ist meet that *Ceres* raigne?

And quiver-bearing *Dian* till the Plaine?

Who'le set the faire trest sunne in battell ray,

While *Mars* doth take the *Aonian* Harpe to play.

Great are thy Kingdomes, over strong and large,

Ambitious impe, why seekst thou further charge?

Are all things thine? the Muses Temple thine?

Then scarce can *Phœbus* say, this Harpe is mine.

When in this *workes* first verse I trode aloft,

Love slackt my Muse, and made my numbers soft.

I have no Mistresse, nor no Favorite,

Being fittest matter for a wanton wit.

Thus I complain'd, but Love unlockt his quiver,

Tooke out the shaft, ordaind my heart to thrive:

And bent his sinewy Bow upon his knee,

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

Saving Poet heere's a worke beſeeming thee.  
 Oh woe is me, he never ſhoots but hits,  
 I burne, love in my idle boſome ſits.  
 Let my firſt verſe be fixe, my laſt five feet,  
 Fare-well ſterne warre, for blunter Poets meet:  
 Elegian Muſe, that warbleſt amorous layes,  
 Girt my ſhine brow with Sea-banke Myrtle praiſe.

ELEGIA. 2.  
*Quod primo amore correptus, in triumphum duci  
 ſe a cupidine patitur.*

What makes my bed ſeeme hard, ſeeing it is ſoft?  
 Or why ſlips downe the coverlet ſo oft?  
 Although the nights be long, I ſleepe not tho.  
 My ſides are ſore with tumbling to and fro.  
 Were love the cauſe, it's like I ſhould diſcry him,  
 Or lyes he cloſe, and ſhoots where none can ſpy him.  
 'Twas ſo, he ſtrucke me with a tender dart,  
 'Tis cruell love rarmoyles my captive heart.  
 Teelding or ſtrugling doe we give him might,  
 Let's yeeld, a burthen eaſy borne is light.  
 I ſaw a brandiſht fire increaſe in ſtrength,  
 Which being not ſlackt, I ſaw it dye at length.  
 Young Oxen newly yoked are beaten more  
 Than Oxen that have drawne the plough before.  
 And rough jades mouths with ſtubborne bits are torne,  
 But manag'd horſes heads are lightly borne.  
 Unwilling lovers, love doth more torment,  
 Than ſuch as in their bondage feele content.  
 Loe I confeſſe, I am thy captive, I,  
 And hold my conquer'd hands for thee to tie.  
 What needſt thou warre I ſue to thee for grace,  
 With armes to conquer armeleſſe men is baſe.  
 Toake Venus Doves, put Mirtle on thy haire,

Vulcan

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

Vulcan will give thee chariots rich and faire,  
 The people thee applauding thou shalt stand,  
 Guiding the harmelesse Pigeons with thy hand.  
 Young men and women shalt thou lead as thrall,  
 So will thy triumph seeme magnificall.  
 I lately caught, will have a new made wound,  
 And captive like be manacled and bound.  
 Good meaning shame, and such as secke loves strokes,  
 Shall follow thee their hands tyed at their backe.  
 Thee all shall feare, and worship as a King,  
 To triumphing shall thy people sing.  
 Smooth speeches, feare, and rage shall by thee ride,  
 Which troopes have alwayes beene on Cupids side.  
 Thou with these souldiers conquereest gods and men,  
 Take these away, where is thine honour then?  
 Thy mother shall from heaven applaud this thom,  
 And on their faces heaps of Roses strow.  
 With beauty of thy wings thy faire haire guided,  
 Ride golden love in chariots richly builded.  
 Unlesse I erre, full many shalt thou burne,  
 And give wounds infinite at every turne.  
 In spite of thee forth will thine arrows flye,  
 A scorching flame burnes all the standers by.  
 So having conquer'd Inde, was Bacchus bew,  
 Thee pompous Birds, and him two Tygers drew.  
 Then seeing I grace thy show in following thee,  
 Forbeare to hurt thy selfe in spoyling me.  
 Behold thy kinsmans Cæsars prosperous bands,  
 Who guards thee conquered with his conquering hands.

## ELEGIA. 3.

Ad amicum.

Aske but right; let him that caught me late,  
 Either love, or cause that I may never hate:

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

I aske too much, would she but let me love her.  
 For e knows with such like prayers I dayly move her.  
 Accept him that will serve thee all his youth,  
 Accept him that will love with spotlesse truth.  
 If lofty titles cannot make me thine,  
 That am descended but of knightly line,  
 Soone may you plough the little land I have,  
 I gladly grant my Parents given, to save  
 Apollo, Bacchus, and the Muses may,  
 And Cupid who hath markt me for thy pray;  
 My spotlesse life, which but to Gods give place,  
 Naked simplicity, and modest grace.  
 I love but one, and her I love, change never,  
 If men have faith, He live with thee for ever.  
 The yeares that fatall destiny shall give,  
 He live with thee, and age, ere thou shalt grieve.  
 Be thou the happy subject of my Bookes,  
 That I may write things worthy thy faire lookes.  
 By Verses honourd I got her name,  
 And she to whom in shape of Swanne love came,  
 And she that on a feignd Bull swanne to hard;  
 Griping his false hornes with her virgin hand.  
 So likewise we will through the world be rung,  
 And with my name shall thine be atwaies sung.

## ELEGIA 4.

*Amicam, qua arte, quibusve modis in cena, presente  
 viro uti debeat, admonet.*

Thy husband to a banquet goes with me,  
 Pray God it may his latest supper be,  
 Shall I sit gazing as a bashfull guest,  
 While others touch the damsell I love best?  
 Wilt lying under him his bosome clippe?  
 About thy necke shall he at pleasure skippe?

QVIDS ELEGIES.

Marvaile not, though the faire Bride did incite,  
 The drunken Centaures to a suddaine fight.  
 I am no halfe horse, nor in woods I dwell,  
 Yet scarfe my hands from thee containe I well.  
 But how thou shouldst behave thy selfe now know,  
 Nor let the winds away my warning blow,  
 Before thy husband come, though I not see,  
 What may be done, yet there before him bee.  
 Lie with him gently, when his limbs he spread  
 Vpon the bed, but on my foot first tread.  
 View me, my Decks, and speaking countenance,  
 Take and receive each secret amorous glance.  
 Words without voice shall on my eye-browes sit,  
 Lines thou shalt read in wine by my hand writ.  
 When our lascivious eyes come in thy minde,  
 Thy Rosie cheekes be to thy tombe inclin'd.  
 If ought of me thou speakest in inward thought,  
 Let thy soft finger to thy eare be brought.  
 When I (my light) do or say ought that please thee,  
 Turne round thy gold ring, as it were to ease thee.  
 Strike on the boord like them that pray for evill,  
 When thou doest with thy husband at the devill.  
 What wine he fills thee, wisely will him drinke,  
 Aske thou the boy what thou enough dost thinke.  
 When thou hast tasted, I will take the cup,  
 And where thou drinkst, on that part I will sup.  
 If he gives thee what first himselfe did taste,  
 Even in his face his offered goblets cast.  
 Let not thy necke by his vile armes be prest,  
 Nor leane thy soft head on his boistrous brest,  
 Thy bosomes Rosier buds let him not finger,  
 Chiefly on thy lips let not his lips linger.  
 If thou giv'st kisses, I shall all disclose,  
 Say they are mine, and hands on thee impose.  
 Yet this I see, but if thy gowne ought cover,



# OVIDS ELEGIES.

Suspicious feare in all my veines will hoyer,  
Mingle not thighes, nor to his legge joyne thine,  
Nor thy soft foot with his hard foot combine.  
I have beene wanton, therefore are perplext,  
And with mistrust of the like measure vext:  
J and my wench ofe under cloths did lurke,  
When pleasure mov'd us to our sweetest worke.  
Doe not thou so, but throw thy mantle hence,  
Lest J should thinke thee guilty of offence.  
Intreate thy husband drinke, but doe not kisse,  
And while he drinke, to adde more doe not misse.  
If he lies downe with wine and sleepe opprest,  
The thing and place shall counsell us the rest.  
When to god homeward we rise all along,  
Have care to walke in middle of the throng.  
There will I find thee, or be found by thee,  
There touch what ever thou canst touch of me.  
Aye me, J warne what profits some few howers,  
But we must part, whē heav'n with black night fowers  
At night thy husband clips thee, I will weeps,  
And to the doores sight of thy selfe keepe:  
Then will he kisse thee, and not onely kisse,  
But force thee give him my stolne hony blisse.  
Constrained against thy will give it the peizant,  
Forbeare sweet words, and in your sport unpleasant,  
To him I pray it no delight may bring,  
Or if it doe, to thee no joy thence spring,  
But though this night thy fortune be to try it,  
To me to morrow constantly deny it.

ELEGIA.

*Carinæ concubitus.*

IN Summers beate and mid-time of the day,  
To rest mylimbs upon a bed I lay;



# OVIDS ELEGIES.

One window shut, the other open stood,  
Which gave such light, as twinkles in a wood,  
Like twilight glimps at setting of the Sunne,  
Or night being past, and yet not day begun:  
Such light to shame-fac'd Maidens must be showne,  
Where they may spurr, and seeme to be unknowne.  
Then came Corinna in along loose gowne,  
Her white neck hid with tresses hanging downe,  
Resembling faire Semiramis going to bed,  
Or Lais of a thousand moovers sped.  
I snatcht her gowne being thin, the harme was small,  
Yet strivd she to be covered there-withall:  
And striving thus as one that would be cast,  
Berrayd herselfe, and yeelded at the last.  
Starke naked as she stood before mine eye,  
Not one wenne in her body could I spie.  
What armes and shoulders did I touch and see,  
How apt her breasts were to be prest by me.  
How smooth a belly under her waist lay,  
How large a legge, and what a tasty thigh?  
To leave the rest, all lik'd me passing well,  
I cling'd her naked body, downe she fell.  
Judge you the rest, being try'd she had me kiss,  
Jove send me more such after-noones as this.

## ELEGIA. 6.

*Ad Janitorem, ut fores subaperiat.*

VNworthy Porter, bound in chaines full sore,  
On mooved hookes let ope the churlish dore,  
Little I aske, a little entrance make,  
The gate halfe ope my bent side in will rake.  
Long love my body to such use make slender,  
And to get out doth like apt members render.  
He shews me how unheard to passe the watch,  
And

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

And guides my feete, lest stumbling falls they catch;  
 But in times past I fear'd vaine shades and night,  
 Wondring if any walked without light.  
 Love hearing it, laugh'd with his tender mother,  
 And smiling said, be thou as bold as other.  
 Forth-with Love came, no darke night flying spright,  
 Not hands prepar'd to slaughter me affright.  
 Thee feare I too much: onely thee I flatter,  
 Thy lightning can my life in peeces batter.  
 Why enuiest me this hostile dend unbarre,  
 See how the gates with my teares water'd are,  
 When thou stoodst naked, ready to be beate,  
 For thee I did thy mistress faire entreat:  
 But what entreates for thee sometimes took place,  
 (O mischief) now for me obtaine small grace.  
 Gratis thou maist be free, give like for like,  
 ✓ Night goes away: the doores barre, backward strike.  
 Strike, so againe hand chaines shall bind thee never,  
 Nor servile water shalt thou drink for ever.  
 Hard-hearted Porter, dost and wilt not heare,  
 With stiffe oake prop the gate doth still appeare:  
 Such rampierd gates, besieged Cities and,  
 In midst of peace why art of armes afraid?  
 Excludst a lover, how wouldst use a foe?  
 ✓ Strike backe the barre, night fast away doth goe;  
 With armes, or armed men I come not guarded,  
 I am alone, we furious love discarded.  
 Although I would, I cannot him cashier,  
 Before I be devided from my geere.  
 See love with mee, wine moderate in my braine,  
 And on my haire a Crowne of flowers remaine.  
 Who fears these armes, who wil not go to meet them?  
 Night runs away, with open entrance greet them.  
 • Art careless? or ist sleep forbids thee heare,  
 Giving the wind my words running in thine care,  
 Well

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

Well I remember when I first did hire thee,  
 Watching till after mid-night did not tire thee.  
 But now perchance thy wench with thee doth rest,  
 Ah how thy lot is above my lot blest :  
 Though it be so, shut me not out therefore ;  
 Night goes away : I pray thee open the doore.  
 Erre we ? or doe the turned hinges sound,  
 And opening dootes with creaking noise abound ?  
 VVe erre : a strong blast seem'd the gates to open,  
 Aie me, how high that gale did lift my hope !  
 If *Boreas* beate *Orythias* rape in mind,  
 Come breake these deafe doores with thy boisterous  
 Silent the City is : night : dewy hoast. (winde.  
 March fast away : the barre strike from the poast.  
 Or I more sterner than fire or sword will turne,  
 And with my brand the gorgeous houses burne,  
 Night, love, and wine to all extreames perswade:  
 Night, shamelesse wine, and love are fearelesse made.  
 All I have spent : no threats or prayers move thee,  
 O harder than the gates thou gardest I prove thee,  
 No pretty wenches keeper maist thou be :  
 The carefull prison is more meet for thee.  
 Now frosty night her flight begins to take,  
 And crowing Cocks poore to worke awake :  
 But thou my Crowne from sad haire tane away,  
 On this hard threshold till the morning lay :  
 That when my Mistis there beholds the cast,  
 She may perceive how we the time did waste :  
 What ere thou art, farewell be like me paid,  
 Carelesse farewell with my fault not disdaind :  
 And farewell cruell posts, rough thresholds block,  
 And doores conjoyn'd with an hard iron lock.

ELEGIA.

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

## ELEGIA. 7.

*Ad pacandam amicam, quam verberaveret.*

**B**Inde fast my hands, they have deserved chaines,  
 While rage is absent, take some friend the paines,  
 For rage against my wench mov'd my rash arme,  
 My Mistresse weeps whom my mad arme did harme.  
 I might have then my parents deare misus'd,  
 Or holy gods with cruell strokes abus'd.  
 Why? *Ajax* master of the seven fould shield,  
 Butcherd the flocks he found in spacious field;  
 And he who on his mother veng'd his fire  
 Against the destinies, durst sharpe darts require.  
 Could I therefore her comely tresses teare?  
 Yet was she graced with her comely haire.  
 So faire she was, *Atlante* she resembled,  
 Before whose bow'r th' *Arcadian* wild beasts trembled.  
 Such *Ariadne* was, when she bewailles  
 Her perjur'd *Thefeus* flying vomes and sailes:  
 So chaste *Minerva* did *Castandra* fast  
 Desflour'd, except within the Temple wall,  
 That I was mad and barbarous all men cried,  
 She nothing said, pale feare her tongue had died;  
 But secretly her looks with checks did rounce me,  
 Her teares, she silent, guilty did pronounce me.  
 Would of mine armes my shoulders had bin scanted,  
 Better I could part of my selfe have wanted  
 To mine owne selfe have I had strength so furious,  
 And to my selfe could I be so injurious?  
 Slaughter and mischiefes instruments, no better  
 Deserved chaines, these cursed hands shall fetter.  
 Punisht I am, if I a Roman beat,  
 Over my Mistris is my right more great.  
*Tydidet* left worst signes of villany,

He

## OVIDS ELEGIES.

He first a goddesse stroke, another I.  
 Yet he harm'd lesse, whom I profess'd to love  
 I harm'd : a foe did *Diomedes* anger move.  
 Goe now thou conqueror, glorious triumphs raise,  
 Pay vov'es to Love, engirt thy haire with bayes,  
 And let the troopes which shall thy Chariot fellow.  
 Io a strong man conquer'd this wench, hollow.  
 Let the sad Captive formost with locks spread  
 On her white necke but for hurt cheeks be led.  
 Meeter it were her lips were blew with kissing,  
 And on her necke a wanton marke not missing.  
 But though I like a swelling flood was driven,  
 And as a prey unto blind anger given.  
 Wast not enough the fearefull wench to chide?  
 Nor thunder in rough threatnings haughty pride?  
 Nor shamefully her coat pull o're her crowne,  
 Which to her waste her girdle still kept downe.  
 But cruelly her tresses having rent.  
 My nailes to scratch her lovely cheeks I bent,  
 Sighing she stood, her bloodlesse white locks shewed  
 Like Marble from the *Harian* mountaines hewed.  
 Her halfe dead joynts, and trembling limbes I saw  
 Like *Popler* leaves blowne with a stormy flaw;  
 Or slender eares, with gentle *Zephire* shaken,  
 Or water-tops with the warme south-wind taken,  
 And downe her cheeks the trickling teares did flow,  
 Like water gushing from consuming snow.  
 Then first I did perceive I had offended,  
 My blood, the teares were that from her descended.  
 Before her feet thrice prostrate downe I fell,  
 Me feared hands thrice backe she did expell.  
 But doubt thou art (revenge doth grieve appease)  
 With thy sharpe nayles upon my face to seaze.  
 Bescratch mine eyes, spare not my locks to breake,  
 (Anger will helpe thy hands, though nere so weake)  
And



## OVIDS ELEGIES.

And least the sad signes of my crimes remaine,  
Put in their place thy keembed haire againe.

### ELEGIA. 5.

*Execratur lenam, quæ puellam suam meritricio  
arte instituebat.*

There is who ere will know a Bawd aright,  
Give care, there is an old trot *Dipsas* hight,  
Her name comes from the thing: she being wise,  
Sees not the morne on rosie horses rise.  
She magick arts and *Theſſale* charmes doth know,  
And makes large streams back to their fountains flow  
She knows with gras, with thrids on wrōg wheels spun  
And what with Mares rank humour may be done.  
When she will, clouds the darkened heaven obscure,  
When she will, day shines every where most pure.  
(If I have faith) I saw the starres drop blood,  
The purple moone with sanguine visage stood,  
Her I suspect among night spirits to fly,  
And her old body in birds plumes to lie.  
Fame saith as I suspect, and in her eyes  
Two eye-balls shine, and double light thence flies.  
Great grand fires from their ancient graves she chides  
And with long charmes the solid earth divides.  
She drawes chaste women to incontinence,  
Nor doth her tongue want harmefull eloquence.  
By chance I heard her talke, these words she said,  
While closely hid betwixt two doores I layd,  
Miltis thou knowest, thou hast a blest youth pleas'd,  
He staid, and on thy lookes his gazes seazd,  
And why shouldst not please? none thy face exceeds,  
Aye me, thy body hath no worthy weeds.  
As thou art faire, would thou wert fortunate,  
Wert thou rich, poore should not be my state.

Th'oppo-



## OVIDS ELEGIES.

Th' opposed state of *Mars* hath done thee harme,  
 Now *Mars* is gone : *Venus* thy side doth warme,  
 And brings good fortunes, a rich lover plants  
 His love on thee, and can supply thy wants.  
 Such is his forme as may with thine compare,  
 Would he not buy thee, thou for him shouldst care.  
 She blushes : red shame becomes white cheeks, but this  
 If feigned, doth well ; if true, it doth amisse.  
 When on thy lap thine eyes thou dost deject,  
 Each one according to his gifts respect.  
 Perhaps the *Sabines* rude, when *Tatius* raigned,  
 To yeeld their love to more than one disdaind.  
 Now *Mars* doth rage abroad without all pittie,  
 And *Venus* rules in her *Eneas* City.  
 Faire women play, she's chaff whom none will have,  
 Or but for baseness her selfe would crave.  
 Shake off these wrinkles that thy front assault,  
 Wrinkles in beauty is a grievous fault.  
*Penelope* in bowes her youths strength tride,  
 Of home the bow was that approv'd their side.  
 Time flying slides hence closely, and deceives us,  
 And with swift horses the swift yeare soone leaves us.  
 Brasse shines with use, good garmets would be worn,  
 Houses not dwelt in, are with filth forlorne.  
 Beauty not exercis'd, with age is spent,  
 Nor one or two men are sufficient.  
 Many to rob is more sure, and lesse hatefull, (full.  
 Fro dog-kept flocks come preys to wolves most grate-  
 Behold what gives the *Poet*, but new verses?  
 And thereof many thousand he rehearset.  
 The Poets *God* arrayed in robes of gold,  
 Of his gilt Harpe the well-tun'd strings doth hold:  
 Let *Homer* yeeld to such as presents bring,  
 (Trust me) to give it is a witty thing.  
 Nor, so thou maist obtaine a wealthy prize,

The

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

The vaine name of inferiour slaves despise.  
 Nor let the armes of ancient lives beguile thee,  
 Poore lover with thy grandfires exile thee,  
 Who seekes for being faire, a night to have,  
 What he will give, with greater instance crave.  
 Make a small price, while thou thy nets doest lay,  
 Lest they should fly, being tane, the tyrant play.  
 Dissemble so, as lov'd he may be thought,  
 And take heed lest he gets that love for nought.  
 Deny him oft, feigne now thy head doth ache,  
 And Iſſe now will shew what cause to make.  
 Receive him soone, lest patient use he gaine,  
 Or lest his love oft beaten backe should waine,  
 To beggers that, to bring us ope the gate,  
 Let him within here, bid out lovers prate.  
 And as first wrong'd the wronged sometimes banish,  
 Thy fault with his fault so repuls'd will vanish,  
 But never give a spacious time to ire,  
 Anger delay'd doth oft to hate retire.  
 And let thine eyes constrained learne to weepe,  
 That this or that may may thy cheekes moist keepe.  
 Nor, if thou couzeneſt one, dread to forswear,  
 For Venus to mocke men lends a sanctles care.  
 Servants fit for thy purpose thou must hire,  
 To teach thy lover what thy thought's desire.  
 Let them aske somewhat, many asking little,  
 Within a while great heaps grow of a tittle,  
 And sister, Nurse, and mother spare him not,  
 By many hands great wealth is quickly got.  
 When causes faile thee to require a gift,  
 By keeping of thy birth make but a shift,  
 Beware lest he unrival'd loves secure,  
 Take strife away, love doth not well endure.  
 On all the beds men rumbling let him view,  
 And thy necke with lascivious markes made blew.

Chiefely

OVIDS ELEGIES

Chiefly shew him the gifts which others lend:  
 If he gives nothing, let him from thee wend:  
 When thou hast so much, as he gives no more,  
 Pray him to lend what thou maist nere restore.  
 Let thy tongue flatter, while thy mind harme works;  
 Under sweet honey deadly poison lurks.  
 If this thou dost, so me by long use knowing,  
 Nor let my words be with the winds hened blowne.  
 Oft thou wilt say, live well, thou wilt pray off,  
 That my dead bones may in their grave be left.  
 As thus she spake, my shadow me becard,  
 With much ado my hands I fearfully card,  
 But her beate eyes, bald scalpes thine hoary stiecs,  
 And riveld cheekes I would have pull'd in pieces.  
 The gods send thee no house, a poore old age,  
 Perpetuall thirst, and winters falling rage.

ELEGIA. 9.

*Ad Atticum, amantem non oportere desitio sum  
 esse, scaturio militem.*

ALL Lovers warre, and Cupid hath his Tent  
 Attick, all lovers are to warre farre sent.  
 What age fits Mars, with Venus doth agree,  
 Tis shame for old in warre or love to be.  
 What yeares in souldiers Captaines doe require,  
 Those in their lovers pretty Maids desire.  
 Both of them watch, each on the hard earth sleepe;  
 His Mistress dorseth, what his Captaines keepe.  
 Souldiers must trauaile farre, the wench forth send,  
 Her valiant lover follows without end.  
 Mounts and raine doubled floods he passeth over,  
 And treas the desarts snowy heaps to cover.  
 Going to sea, East winds he doth not chide,  
 Nor to hoist saile attends fit time and tide.

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

Who but a souldier or a lover is bold  
 To suffer storme mixt snows with nights sharp cold?  
 One as a spye doth to his enemies goe,  
 The other eyes his rivall as his foe.  
 He Cities great, this thresholds lies before;  
 This breakes towne-gates, but he his Mistis dore.  
 Oft to invade the sleeping foe 'tis good,  
 And arm'd to shed unarmed peoples blood.  
 So the fierce troopes of *Thracian Rhesus* fell,  
 And captive horses had their Lord fare-well.  
 Such lovers watch till sleepe the husband charmes,  
 Who slumbring, they rise up in swelling armes.  
 The Keepers armes and corps dugard to passe,  
 The souldiers and poore lovers worke ere was.  
 Doubtfull is warre and love, the vanquisht rise,  
 And who thou never think'st should fall downe lies.  
 Therefore who ere love slothfulnesse doth call,  
 Let him surcease: love tryes wit best of all.  
*Achylles* burn'd *Briseis* being tane away:  
*Trojans* destroy the Greeke wealth, while you may.  
*Hector* to armes went from his wives embraces,  
 And on *Andromache* his helmet laces,  
 Great *Agamemnon* was, men say, amazed,  
 On *Priams* loose-trest daughter when he gazed.  
*Mars* in the deed the black-smiths net did stable,  
 In heaven was never more notorious fable.  
 My selfe was dull and faint, to sloth inclin'd,  
 Pleasure, and ease had mollified my mind.  
 A faire maids care expell'd this sluggishnesse,  
 And to her Tents will'd me my selfe addresse,  
 Since mayst thou see me watch and night wars move,  
 He that will not grow slothfull, let him love.

ELEGIA.

# O. VIDS ELEGESYO

Ad puellum; ne pro amore premia poscat.

Such as the cause was of two husbands warre,  
 Whom Trojan ships yet take from Butopa farre,  
 Such as was Leda, whom the God deluded,  
 In snow-white plumes of a false swanne included,  
 Such as Amio, one through the dry fields strayed,  
 When on her head a water-pur her laid,  
 Such wert thou, and I fear'd the Bull and Eagle,  
 And what ere love made Iove should thee in vantage  
 Now all feare with my mind, nor love abates,  
 No more this beauty mine, yet captivates,  
 Ask't why I charge? Because thou crav'st reward:  
 This cause hath thee from pleasing me debar'd.  
 While thou wert plaine, I lov'd thy minde and face,  
 Now inward faults thy outward forme disgrace,  
 Love is a naked boy, his yeares saunce staine,  
 And hath no cloths, but open doth remaine.  
 Will you for gaine have Cupid sell himselfe?  
 He hath no house where to hide base selfe.  
 Love and loves sonne are with fierce armes to oddes,  
 To serve for pay be seemes not wanton gods.  
 The whore stands to be bought for each mans money,  
 And seekes witde wealth by selling of her Cony,  
 Her greedy Bauds command shee surserb still,  
 And doth constraind, what you doe of good will.  
 Take from irrationall beasts a president,  
 'Tis shame their wits should be more excellent.  
 The Mare askes not the Horse, the Cow the Bull,  
 Nor the milde Ewe gifts from the Ramme doth pull.  
 Onely a Woman gets spoiles from a Man,  
 Farmes out her selfe on nights for what she can,  
 And lets what both delight, what both desire,



# OVIDS ELEGIES. 〇

Making her joy according to her hire.  
 The sport being such, as both alike sweet try it,  
 Why should one sell it, and the other buy it?  
 Why should I lose, and thou gaine by the pleasure;  
 Which man and woman reape in equall measure?  
 Knights of the post of perjuries make sale,  
 The unjust Judge for bribes becomes a stalle,  
 Tis shamefoll tongues the guilty should defend,  
 Or great wealth from a judgment seate offend,  
 Tis shame to grow rich by bad merchandize,  
 Or prostitute by beauty for bad prize,  
 Thankes mortally are due for things unbought,  
 For beds ill hy'd we are indebted nought,  
 The birer payeth all, his rent discharging,  
 From further duty he rests then enlarging,  
 Faire Dames forbear rewards for nights mistake,  
 Ill gotten goods good end will never have,  
 The Sabine gauntlets were too deavely wonne,  
 That unto death did presse the holy Nunne,  
 The sonne slew her, that forth to meet him went,  
 And a rich neck-lace caus'd that punishment,  
 Yet thinke no scorne to aske a wealthy churle,  
 He wants no gifts into thy lap to hurle,  
 Take clustered Grapes from an o're laden Vine,  
 Many bounteous love Alcindous fruit resigne,  
 Let poore men shew their service, faith, and care,  
 All for their Mistresse, what they have, prepare,  
 In verses to praise kind Menches is my part,  
 And whom I like, eternize by my Art,  
 Garments doe weare, Jewels and gold doe waste,  
 The Fame that verse gives, lasteth for ever last,  
 To give I loue, but to be askt I disdain,  
 Leave asking, and Ile give what I refraine.



# OVIDS ELEGIES

## ELEGIA. 11.

*Napen alloquitur, ut parat as tabellas ad  
Corinnam perferat.*

IN skilfull gathering ruffled haire in order,  
Nape free-borne whose cunning hath no border.  
Thy service for nights escapes is known commodious,  
And to give signes, dull wit to thee is odious.  
*Corinna* clips me off by thy perswasion,  
Never to harme me made thy Faith evasion.  
Receive these lines, them to my Mistress carry,  
Be sedulous, let no stay cause thee rarry.  
Nor flint, nor iron are in thy soft brest,  
But pure simplicity in thee doth rest.  
And 'tis suppos'd Lover bow hath wounded thee,  
Defend the ensignes of thy warre in me.  
If whar J doe, she askes, say hope for night,  
The rest my hand doth in my Letters write.  
Time passeth while J speake, give her my writ,  
But see that forth-with she peruseth it.  
I charge thee marke her eyes and front in reading,  
By speechlesse lookes we guesse at things succeeding.  
Straight being read, will her to write much backe,  
J hate faire paper should writ matter lack.  
Let her make verses, and some blotted letter,  
On the last edge to stay mine eyes the better.  
What need she try her hand to hold the quill,  
Let this word, come, alone the tables fill,  
Then with tryumphant Laure I will I grace them,  
And in the midst of *Venus* temple place them,  
Subscribing that to her I consecrate  
My faithfull tables being vile maple late.

# ONIDS ELEGIES

## ELEGIA. 12.

*Tabellæ quas miserat, execratur, quod amica  
noctem negabat.*

**B**Ewaile my chance, the sad booke is returned,  
This day deniall hath my spirit adjourned,  
Presages are not vaine, when she departed,  
Nape by stumbling on the threshold, started;  
Going out againe passe forth the doore more wisely,  
And somewhat higher beare thy foot precisely.  
Hence lucklesse tables, funerall mood be flying,  
And thou the waxe stuft full with notes denying.  
Which I thinke gathered from cold hemlocks flower,  
Wherein bad honey Corlick Bees did power:  
Yet as if mixt with red leade thou wert ruddy,  
That colour rightly did appeare so bloody.  
As euill wood throwne in the high-ways lie,  
Be brooke with wheelles of Charlots passing by.  
And him that bewd you out for needfull uses,  
I'le prove bad hands impure with all abuses.  
Poore wretches on the tree themselves did strangle,  
There sate the hang-man for mens necks to angle.  
To haarse scritch-owles foule shadows it allows,  
P'ultures and furies nestled in the boughes:  
To these my love I foolishly committed,  
And then with sweet words to my Mistress fitted.  
More fitly had thy wrangling bonds contained,  
From barbarous lips of some Atturney strained,  
Among day bookes and bills they had laine better,  
In which the Merchant wailes his banquerout debter.  
Your names approves you made for such like things,  
The number two no good diuining brings.  
Angry, I pray that rotten age you wracks,  
And sluttish white mould overgrow the waxe.

ELE.

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

## ELEGIA. 13.

*Ad Auroram ne properet.*

**N**OW ore the sea from her old Love comes she,  
 That draws the day from heavens cold Axle-tree,  
*Aurora* whither slidest thou? downe againe,  
 And Birds from *Memnon* yearly shall be slaine.  
 Now in her tender armes I sweetly bide,  
 If ever, now well lies she by my side.  
 The aire is cold, and sleepe is sweetest now,  
 And birds send forth shrill notes from every bough.  
 Whither runst thou, that men and women love not,  
 Hold in thy rosie horses that they move not.  
 Ere thou rise, starres teach sea-men where to saile;  
 But when thou comest, they of their counsell faile.  
 Poore travellers though tyr'd, rise at thy sight,  
 And souldiers make them ready to the fight.  
 The painefull Hinde by thee to field is sent,  
 Slow Oxen early in the yoake are pent.  
 Thou couzenst boyes of sleepe, and dost betray them  
 To *Pedants* that with cruell lashes pay them.  
 Thou mak'st the surety to the Lawyer run,  
 That with one word hath nigh himselfe undone.  
 The Lawyer and the Client hate thy view,  
 Both whom thou raisest up to toyle anew.  
 By thy meanes women of their rest are bard,  
 Thou setst their labouring hands to spin and card.  
 All could I beare, but that the wench should rise,  
 Who can endure, save hi n with whom none lies?  
 How oft wisht I, night would not give thee place,  
 Ner morning starres shun thy uprising face.  
 How oft that either winde would breake the coach,  
 Or steeds might fal forc'd with thick clouds approach  
 Whether go'st thou hatefull Nymph? *Memnon* the else

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

Receiv'd his coale-black colour from thy selfe.  
 Say that thy love with *Cephalus* were not knowne,  
 Then thinkest thou thy loose life is not showne.  
 Would *Titbon* might but talke o' thee a while,  
 Not one in heaven should be more base and vile.  
 Thou leavest his bed, because he's faint through age;  
 And early mountest thy hatefull carriage,  
 But heldst thou in thine armes some *Cephalus*,  
 Then wouldst thou cry, stay night, and run not thus.  
 Dost punish me because yeares make him waine,  
 I did not bid thee wed an aged swaine.  
 The Moone sleeps with *Endymion* every day,  
 Thou art as faire as she, then kisse and play.  
 Jove that thou shouldst not haste, but wait his leasure,  
 Made two nights one to finish up his pleasure.  
 I bide no more, she blusht, and therefore heard me,  
 Yet lingered not the day, but morning scar'd me.

## ELEGIA. 14.

*Pacham consolatur cui prae nimia cura  
 coma decedunt.*

LEAVE colouring thy tresses I did cry,  
 Now hast thou left no haire at all to die;  
 But what had beene more faire had they beene kept?  
 Beyond thy robes thy dangling locks had swept.  
 Feardst thou to dresse them being fine and thin,  
 Like to the Silke the curious *Seres* spinne,  
 Or thrids which spiders slender foot drawes out.  
 Fastning her light web some old beame about.  
 Not blacke, nor golden were they to our view,  
 Yet althoughe either mixt of eithers hue:  
 Such as in billie *Idas* watry plaines,  
 The Cedar tall spoild of his barke retaines,  
 And they were apt to curl, an hundred wayes,

And

## OVIDS ELEGIES.

And did to thee no cause of dolour raise.  
 Nor hath the needle or the combes teeth rest them,  
 The Maid that kemb'd them ever, safely left them.  
 Oft was she drest before mine eyes, yet never  
 Snatching the comb, to beate the wench out drive her.  
 Oft in the morn her baires not yet digested,  
 Halfe sleeping on a purple bed she rested.  
 Yet seemely like a Thracian Bacchinall,  
 That tyr'd doth rashly on the greene grasse fall.  
 When they were slender, and like downy mosse,  
 They troubled baires, alas, endur'd great losse.  
 How patiently hot irons they did take,  
 In crooked trannels crispy curls to make.  
 I cryed 'tis sin, 'tis sin these baires to burne,  
 They well become thee, then to spare them turne.  
 Farre off by force, no fire to them may reach,  
 Thy very baires will the hot bodkin reach.  
 Lost are the goodly locks, which from their crowne  
 Phœbus and Bacchus wisht were hanging downe.  
 Such were they as Diana painted stands,  
 All naked holding in her wave-moist bands.  
 Why doest thy ill kembd tresses losse lament?  
 Why in thy glasse doest looke being discontent?  
 Be not to see thy with-wonted eyes inclin'd  
 To please thy selfe, thy selfe put out of minde.  
 No charmed herbs of any barlot skath'd thee,  
 No faithlesse witch in Thesiale waters bath'd thee,  
 No sicknesse harm'd thee, farre be that away:  
 No envious tongue wrought thy thick locks decay.  
 By thine owne hand and fault thy hurt doth grow,  
 Thou mad'st thy head with compound poison flow.  
 Now Germany shall captive haire-tyers send thee,  
 And vanquisht people curious dressings lend thee:  
 Which some admiring, O thou oft wilt blush,  
 And say he likes me for my borrowed bush,

Praising

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

Praising for me some unknowne Guelder dame,  
 But I remember when it was my fame.  
 Alas, she almost weepes, and her white cheekes,  
 Dyed red with shame, to hide from shame she seekes.  
 She holds, and views her old locks in her lappe,  
 Aye me rare gifts unworthy such a happe.  
 Cheere up thy selfe, thy losse thou maist repaire,  
 And be hereafter scene with native haire.

## ELEGIA. 15.

*Ad invidios, quod fama Poetarum sit perennis.*

ENvie why carpest thou my time is spent so ill,  
 And tearm'st my workes fruits of an idle quill?  
 Or that unlike the line from whence I come,  
 Warres rusty honours are refus'd being young.  
 Nor that I study not the brawling lawes,  
 Nor set my voice to sale in every cause.  
 Thy scope is mortall, mine eternall fame,  
 That all the world may ever chaunt my name.  
 Homer shall live while Tenedos stands, and Ide,  
 Or into sea swift Simois doth slide.  
 Ascreus lives, whiles Grapes with new wine swell,  
 Or men with crooked Sickles come downe fell.  
 The world shall of Callimachus ever speake,  
 His Art excelld, although his wit was weake,  
 For ever lasts high Sophocles proud vaine,  
 With Sun and Moone Aratus shall remaine.  
 While bond-men cheat fathers hoord, bards whorish,  
 And strumpets flatter, shall Menander flourish.  
 Rude Ennius and Plautus, full of wit,  
 Are both in Fames eternall legend writ.  
 What age of Varroes name shall not be told,  
 And Jasons Argos and the fleece of gold?  
 Lofty Lucretius shall live that hower,

That



# OVIDS ELEGIES.

That Nature shall dissolve this earthly bower.  
*Aeneas* warre and *Tityrus* shall be read,  
 While *Rome* of all the conquered world is head.  
 Till *Cupids* Bow and fiery shafts be broken,  
 Thy verses sweet *Tibullus* shall be spoken.  
 And *Gallus* shall be knowne from *East to West*,  
 So shall *Licoris* whom he loved best.  
 Therefore when Flint and Iron weare away,  
 Verse is immortall, and shall nere decay.  
 To verse let Kings give place, and Kingly shows,  
 And bankes ore which gold-bearing *Tagus* flows.  
 Let base conceited wits admire vild things,  
 Faire *Phæbus* lead me to the Mules Springs,  
 About my head the quivering Myrtle wound,  
 And in sad lovers heads let me be found.  
 The lying not the dead can envie bite,  
 For after death all men receive their right.  
 Then though death takes my bones in funeall fire,  
 Ile live, and as he pulls me downe, mount higher.

*The same by B. I.*

ENVIC, why twistst thou me, my time's spent ill,  
 And call'st it my Verse, fruits of an idle quill?  
 Or that (unlike the line from whence I sprung)  
 Warres dusty honours I pursue not young?  
 Or that I study not the tedious Lawes.  
 And prostitute my voice in every cause?  
 Thy scope is mortall, mine eternall Fame,  
 Which though the world shall ever chaunt my name,  
*Homer* will live while *Tenedos* stands, and *Ide*,  
 Or to the Sea fleet *Simois* doth slide:  
 And so shall *Hesiod* too, while vines doe beare,  
 Or crooked Sickles crop the ripened eare.  
*Callimachus*, though in invention low,

Shall

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

Shall still be sung, since he in Art doth flow.  
 No losse shall come e; *Sophocles* proud vaine,  
 With Sun and Moone *Aratus* shall remaine.  
 Whilst slaves be false, fathers hard, & bands be who-  
 Whilst Harlots flatter, shall *Menander* flourish. (rich  
*Ennius*, though rude, and *Accius* high-reard straine,  
 A fresh applause in every age shall gaine.  
 Of *Varro's* name what care shall nor be told?  
 Of *Jasons* *Argo*, and the *Fleece of gold*?  
 Then shall *Lucretius* lofty numbers die,  
 When Earth and Seas in fire and flames shall frie.  
*Titirus*, Tillage, & *Eney* shall be read,  
 Whilst *Rome* of all the conquer'd world is head.  
 Till *Cupids* fires be out, and his bow broken,  
 Thy verses (neare *Tibullus*) shall be spoken.  
 Our *Gallus* shall be knowne from East to West,  
 So shall *Licoris*, whom he now loves best.  
 The suffering Plough-share or the flint may weare,  
 But heavenly *Poesse* no death can feare.  
 Kings shall give place to it, and Kingly shoves,  
 The bankes ore which gold-bearing *Tagus* flowes.  
 Kneele bindes to trash, me let bright *Phæbus* swell,  
 With cups full flowing from the *Muses* well.  
 The frost-dead *Myrtle* shall impale my head,  
 And of sad lovers I be often read.  
 "Envie the living, nor the dead doth bite,  
 "For after death all men receive their right.  
 Then when this body falls in funerall fire,  
 My name shall live, and my best part aspire.

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

P. Ovidij Nasonis Amorum  
Liber Secundus.

## ELEGIA I.

*Quod pro gigantomachia amoris scribere  
fit coactum.*

**I** Ovid, Poet of thy Antonasse,  
Borne at Peligny to write more addresse,  
So Cupid wills, ferre hence be the severer,  
You are unapt my looser lines to heare,  
Let Maids whom hot desire to husbands lead,  
And rude boyes taught with unknowne love me read,  
That some youth hurt as I am with loves bow,  
His owne flames best acquainted signes may know,  
And long admiring say by what means learn'd  
Hath this same Poet my sad chance discern'd  
J durst the great celestiall battells tell,  
Hundred-hand Gyges, and had done it well,  
With earths revenge and how *Olimpus* top  
High *Ossa* bore mount *Pelion* up to prop,  
*Jove* and *Joves* thunderbolts I had in hand,  
Which for his Heaven fell on the Gyants band:  
My wench her doore shut, *Joves* affaires I left,  
Even *Jove* himsele out of my wit was rest,  
Pardon me *Jove*, thy weapon did me nought,  
Her shut gates greater lightning than thine brought.  
Toyes and light elegies my darts I rooke,  
Quickly soft words hard doores wide open strooke.  
Verses reduce the horned bloody Moone,  
And call the Sunnes white horses black at noone.  
Snakes leap by verse from caves of broken mountains  
And turned streams run backward to their fountains.  
Verses ope doores, and locks put in the poast,

Although

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

Although of Oake, to yeeld to verses boast,  
 What helps it me of fierce *Achyll* to sing?  
 What good to me will either *Aiax* bring?  
 Or he who war'd and wanderd twenty yeare?  
 Or woefull *Hector* whom wild jades did teare?  
 But when I praise a pretty wench's face,  
 She in requitall doth me oft embrace.

A great reward: *Heroës* O famous names  
 Farewell, your favour nought my minde inflames:  
 Wenches apply your faire lookes to my verses;  
 Which golden love doth unto me rehearse.

## ELEGIA. 2.

*Ad Bagoum, ur custodiam puellæ sibi commissæ  
 Laxiorem habeare*

**P** Agons, whose care doth my *Mistris* bridle;  
 While I speake some few, yet fir words be idle:  
 I saw the Damsell walking yest erday,  
 There where the *Porab* doth *Danaus* fast display.  
 She pleas'd me soone, I sent, and did her wooe,  
 Her trembling hand writhacke she might not doe,  
 And asking why this answer she redoubled;  
 Because thy care too much thy *Mistris* troubled:  
 Keeper, if thou be wise, cease hate to cherish;  
 Beleeve me, whom we feare, we wish to perish.  
 Nor is her husband wise what needs defence,  
 When un-protested there is no expence.  
 But furiously he follows his loves fire,  
 And thinks her chaste whom many doe desire.  
 Stolne liberty she may by thee obtaint  
 Which giving her, she may give thee againe.  
 Wilt thou her fault learne, she may make thee treble;  
 Feare to be guilty, then thou maist dissemble.  
 Thinke when she reads, her mother letters sent her;

Let

## OVIDS ELEGIES.

Let him goe forth knowne, that unknown did enter:  
 Let him goe see her, though she doe not languish,  
 And then report her sicke, and full of anguish.  
 If long she staies, to thinke the time more short,  
 Lay downe thy fore-head in thy lap to snort;  
 Enquire not what with *Isis* may be done,  
 Nor feare least she to th' Theater's runne.  
 Knowing her escapes thine honour shall increase,  
 And what lesse labour than to hold thy peace?  
 Let him please, haunt the house, be kindly uld,  
 Enjoy the wench, let all else be refusd.  
 Vaine causes faime of him, the true to hide,  
 And what she likes let both hold ratifide.  
 When most her husband bends the browes & frowns,  
 His fauning wench with her desire he crowns.  
 But yet sometimes to chide thee let her fall  
 Counterfeit teares: and thee lewd hang-man call.  
 Object thou then, what she may well excuse,  
 To staine all faith in truth, by false crimes use,  
 Of wealth and honour so shall grow thy heap,  
 Doe this, and soone thou shalt thy freedome reape.  
 On tell-tales necks thou seest the *linke-knit* chaines,  
 The filthy prison faithlesse breasts restraines.  
 Water in waters, and fruite flying touch,  
*Tantalus* seeks, his long tongues gaine is such.  
 While *Junos* watchman too much eyde,  
 Him timelesse death tooke, she was deside:  
 I saw ones leg with fetters blacke and blew,  
 By whom the husband his wives incest knew.  
 More he deserv'd, to both great harme he fram'd,  
 The man did grieve the woman was defam'd.  
 Tru't me all husbands for such faults are sad,  
 Nor make they any man that heare them glad.  
 If he loves not, deafe yeares thou dost importune,  
 Or if he loves, thy tale breeds his misfortune.

Nor



## OVIDS ELEGIES?

Nor is it easily prov'd, though manifest,  
 She safe by favour of her Judge doth rest.  
 Though him selfe see, hee'le credit her denyall,  
 Condemne his eyes, and say there is no tryall.  
 Spying his Mistris teares, he will lament.  
 And say this blab shall suffer punishment.  
 Why fightst 'gainst oddes? to thee being cast co-his  
 Sharpe stripe, she sitteth in the Iudges lap.  
 To meete for poison or vild facts we crave not,  
 My hands an unsheath'd shining weapon have not.  
 We seeke that throu' thee safely love we may,  
 What can be easier than the thing we pray?

### ELEGIA. 3.

*Ad Eunuchum servanrem dominam.*

A Te an Eunuch keeps my Mistris chaste,  
 That cannot Venus mutuall pleasure taste.  
 Who first depri'd young boyes of their best part,  
 With selfe same wounds he gave, he ought to smart.  
 To kind request's thou wouldst more gentle prove,  
 If ever wench had made like warme thy love.  
 Thou wert not borne to ride, or armes to beare,  
 Thy hands agree not with the warlike speare.  
 Men handle those, all manly hopes resigne,  
 Thy Mistresse ensignes must be likewise thine.  
 Please her, her hate makes others thee abhorre,  
 If she discards thee, what use serv'st thou for?  
 Good forme there is, yeares apt to play to other,  
 Unmeete is beautie without use to wither.  
 She may deceive thee, though thou her protest.  
 What two determine never wants effect.  
 Our prayers move thee to assist our drift,  
 While thou hast time yet to bestow that gift.

### ELEGIA.

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

## ELEGIA. 4.

*Quod amet mulieres, cuiuscunque formae sint.*

I Meant not to defend the scapes of any,  
 Or justifie my vices being many:  
 For I confesse, if that might merite favour,  
 Here I display my lewd and loose behaviour;  
 I loath, yet after that I loath I runne,  
 Oh how the burthen itkes, that we should shunne.  
 I cannot rule my selfe, but where love please,  
 Am driven like a ship upon rough seas.  
 No one face likes me best, all faces move,  
 A hundred reasons make me ever love.  
 If any eyeme with a modest lookes,  
 I blush, and by that blushfull glance am rooke.  
 And she thats coy I like for being no Clowne,  
 Me thinks she would be nimble when she's downe.  
 Though her sowre lookes a *Sabines* brow resemble,  
 I think she'le doe, but deeply can dissemble.  
 If she be learnd, then for her skill I crave her,  
 If not, because she's simple I would have her.  
 Before *Callimachus* one preferres me farre,  
 Seeing she likes my bookes why should we jarre?  
 Another railes at me, and that I write,  
 Yet would I lye with her, if that I might.  
 Trips she, it likes me well; plods she, what than?  
 She would be nimble, lying with a man.  
 And when one sweet y sings, then straight I long  
 To quaver on her lips even in her song.  
 Or if one touch the Lute with art and cunning,  
 Who would not love those hands for their swift run-  
 And her I like, that with a majesty,      ning?  
 Folds up her armes, and makes low courtesie.  
 To leave my selfe, that am in love with all,

C

Some

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

Nor is it easily prov'd, though manifest,  
 She safe by favour of her Judge doth rest.  
 Though him selfe see, hee'le credit her denyall,  
 Condemne his eyes, and say there is no tryall.  
 Spying his Mistris teares, he will lament.  
 And say this blab shall suffer punishment.  
 Why fightst 'gainst oddes? to thee being cast do his  
 Sharpe stripes, she sitteth in the Iudges lap.  
 To meete for poison or vild facts we crave not,  
 My hands an unsheath'd shining weapon have not.  
 We seeke that throu' thee safely love we may,  
 What can be easier than the thing we pray.

## ELEGIA. 3.

*Ad Eunuchum servantem dominam.*

At me an Eunuch keeps my Mistris chaste,  
 That cannot Venus mutuall pleasure taste.  
 Who first depri'd young boyes of their best part,  
 With selfe same wounds he gave, he ought to smart.  
 To kind requests thou wouldst more gentle prove,  
 If ever wench had made like warme thy love.  
 Thou wert not borne to ride, or armes to beare,  
 Thy hands agree not with the warlike speare.  
 Men handle those, all manly hopes resigne,  
 Thy Mistresse ensignes must be likewise shine.  
 Please her, her hate makes others thee abhorre,  
 If she discards thee, what use serv'st thou for?  
 Good forme there is, yeares apt to play to other,  
 Unmecte is beautie without use to mither.  
 She may deceive thee, though thou her protest.  
 What two determine never wants effect.  
 Our prayers move thee to assist our desire,  
 While thou hast time yet to bestow that gift.

## ELEGIA.

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

## ELEGIA. 4.

*Quod dicit mulieres, cuiuscunque forma sint.*

I Meane not to defend the scapes of any,  
Or iustine my vices being many;  
For I confesse, if that might merit favour,  
Here I display my lewd and loose behaviour;  
I loath, yet after that I loath I runne,  
Oh how the burthen itkes, that we should thunne,  
I cannot rule my selfe, but where love please,  
Am driven like a ship upon rough seas,  
No one face likes me best, all faces move,  
A hundred reasons make me ever love.  
If any eyeme with a modest looke,  
I blush, and by that blushfull glance am rooke.  
And she thars coy I like for being no Clowne,  
Me thinks she would be nimble when she's downe.  
Though her sowre looked a *Sabines* brow resemble,  
I think she'le doe, but deeply can dissemble.  
If she be leard, then for her skill I crave her,  
If not, because she's simple I would have her.  
Before *Callimachus* one preferres me farre,  
Seeing she likes my bookes why should we jarre?  
Another railes at me, and that I write,  
Yet would I lye with her, if that I might.  
Trips she, it likes me well; plods she, what than?  
She would be nimbler, lying with a man.  
And when one sweet'y sings, then straight I long  
To quaver on her lips even in her song.  
Or if one touch the Lute with art and cunning,  
Who would not love those hands for their swift run-  
ning?  
And her I like, that with a majesty,  
Folds up her armes, and makes low courtesie.  
To leave my selfe, that am in love with all,

C

Some

## OVIDS ELEGIES.

Some one of these might make the chastest fall,  
 If she be tall, she's like an *Amazon*,  
 And therefore fills the bed she lyes upon,  
 If short she lyes, the rounder to say troth,  
 Both short and long please me; for I love both:  
 I thinke what one ande it would be, being drest:  
 Is she attird, then shew her graces best,  
 A white wench thralls me, so doth golden yellow,  
 And nut-browee girles in doing have no fellow.  
 If her white necke be shadowed with blacke haire,  
 Why so was *Leda*, yet was *Leda* faire.  
 Amber trest is she, then on the morne thinke I,  
 My love alludes to every history:  
 A young wench pleaseth, and an old is good,  
 This for her looks, that for her woman-hood.  
 Nay what is she that any *Roman* loves,  
 But my ambitious raging mind approves.

### ELEGIA. 5.

*Ad amicam corruptam.*

**N**O love is so deare (quivered Cupid flie)  
 That my chiefe wish should be so oft to die.  
 Minding thy fault, with death I wish to revill,  
 Alas a wench is a perpetuall evill.  
 No intercepted lines thy deeds display,  
 No gifts given secretly thy crime bewray.  
 O would my proofes as vaine might be withstood,  
 Aye me poore soule why is my cause so good.  
 He's happy that his love dare boldly credit,  
 To whom his wench can say, I never did it.  
 He's cruell, and too much his grieve doth favour,  
 That seekes the conquest by her loose behaviour.  
 Poore wench I saw, when thou didst thinke I slumbred,  
 Nor drunke your faults on the split wine I numbred.



# OVIDS ELEGIES.

I saw your nodding eye-browes much to speake,  
 Even from her cheekes part of her voyce did breake.  
 Not silent were thine eyes, the board with wine  
 Was scribled, and thy fingers writ a line.  
 I knew your speech, what doe not lovers see?  
 And words that seem'd for certaine markes to be.  
 Now many guests were gone, the feast being done  
 The youthfull sort to divers pastimes runne.  
 I saw you then unham full kisses ioine.  
 (Such with my tongue it likes me to parloine.)  
 None such the sister gives the brother grave,  
 But such kind wenches let their lovers have.  
 Phoebus gave to Diana such tis thought,  
 But Venus often to her Mars such brought.  
 What dost, I cried, transportst thou my delight?  
 My lordly hands Ile throw upon my right.  
 Such blisse is onely common to us two;  
 In this sweet good why hath a third to doe?  
 This, and what grieve inforc'd me say I said,  
 A scarlet blash her guilty face arraid.  
 Even such as by Aurora bath the skie,  
 Or maids that their betrathed husbands spy.  
 Such as a rose mixt with a lilly breeds,  
 Or when the Moone travailes with charmed steeds.  
 Or such as least long yeares should turne the die,  
 Arachine staines so Assyrian ivory.  
 To these, or some of these like was her colour,  
 By chance her beauty never shined fuller.  
 She view'd the earth: the earth to view, bescem'd her,  
 She looked sad: sad, comely I esteem'd her.  
 Even kemb'd as they were, her locks to rend,  
 And scratch her faire soft cheekes I did intend.  
 Seeing her face mine upreard armes descended,  
 With her owne armour was my wench defended.  
 I that ere-while, was fierce, now humbly sue,

# QVIDS ELEGIES.

Least with worse kisses she should me endure,  
 She laught, and kissed so sweetly as might make  
 Wrath-kindled Jove away his thunder shake.  
 I grieve, least others should such good perceive,  
 And wish hereby them all unknowne to leave.  
 Also much better were they then I tell,  
 And ever seemed as some new sweet befell.  
 Tis ill they pleasd so much, for in my lips  
 Lay her whole tongue hid, mine in hers the dips.  
 This grieves me not, no joynd kisses spent,  
 Bewaile I onely, though J them lament.  
 No where can they be taught but in the bed,  
 I know no master of so great hire sped.

## ELEGIA. 6.

In mortem psittaci.

THE Parrat from East-India to me sent,  
 Is dead, al foules her exequies frequent.  
 Goe goodly birds, striking your breasts bewaile,  
 And with rough clames her tender cheeks assaile.  
 For woeful haires let piece-torne plumes abound,  
 For long shrild trumpets let your notes resound.  
 Why Philomele dost Tereus leudnesse mourne?  
 All wasting yeares have that complaint not worne.  
 Thy tunes let this rare birds sad funerall borrow,  
 It is as great, but ancienr cause of sorrow.  
 All you whose penions in the cleare aire soe,  
 But most thou friendly turtle-dove deplore.  
 Full concord all your lives was you betmixt,  
 And to the end your constant faith stood fixt.  
 What Pylades did to Orestes prove,  
 Such to the Parrat was the Turtle-dove.  
 But what availd this faith? her rarest hue?  
 Or voyce that how to change the wild notes knew?

What

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

What helpes it thou wert given to please my wench,  
Birds haplesse glory, death thy life doth quench.  
Thou with thy quills mightst make green Emrats dark,  
And passe our scarlet of red Saffron marke.  
No such voyce-feigning bird was on the ground,  
Thou spokest thy words so well with stammering sound,  
Envy hath rapt thee, no fierce waters thou mov'dst,  
Vaine-babbling speech, and pleasant peace thou lov'dst.  
Behold how Quailes among their battailes live,  
Which doe perchance old age unto them give.  
A little fild thee, and for love of talke,  
Thy mouth to taste of many mears didst balke.  
Nuts nere thy food, and Poppy causd thee sleepe,  
Pure waters moysture thirst away did keepe.  
The ravenous Vulture loves, the Puttocke hovers,  
A round the aire, the Cadesse raine discovers,  
And Crows survivors armes bearing Pallas hate,  
Whose life nine ages scarce bring out of date.  
Dead is that speaking Image of mans voyce,  
The Parrer given me, the farr words best choise.  
The greedy spirits take the best things first,  
Supplying their voyd places with the worst.  
Therfites did Protefilaus survive,  
And Hector dyed his brothers yet alive.  
My wenches loves for thee what should I show,  
Which stormy South-winds into sea did blow.  
The seventh day came, none following mightst thou see,  
And the fates distaffe empty stodd to thee;  
Yet words in thy benumbed Palate rung,  
Farewell Corinda cryed the dying tongue.  
Elisium hath a wood of holme-trees blacke,  
Whose earth doth not perpetuall green grasse lacke,  
There good birds rest (if we beleve things hidden),  
Whence uncleane foules are said to be forbidden.  
The harmlesse Swans feed all down the river,

## OVIDS ELEGIES

*There lives the Phoenix one alone bird ever.*  
*There Iuno's bird displaies his gorgeons feather,*  
*And loving Doves kisse eagerly together.*  
*The Parrat into wood receiv'd with these,*  
*Turnes all the goodly birds to what she please.*  
*A grave her bones hides, on her corps great grave,*  
*The little stones these little verses have.*  
*This Tombe approves, I pleas'd my mistresse well,*  
*My mouth in speaking did all birds excell.*

### ELEGIA. 5.

*Amica se purgat quod ancillam non amet.*

**D**Ost me of new crimes alwaies guilty framed  
 To over-come, so oft to fight J shame.  
 If on the Marble Theater I looke,  
 One among many is to grieve thee tooke.  
 If some faire wench me secretly behold,  
 Thou arguest she doth secret marks unfold.  
 If J praise any thy poore haire, thou tearest,  
 If blame, dissembling of my heart thou fearest.  
 If I looke well, thou thinkst J doe not move,  
 If ill, thou sayst J dye for others love.  
 Would I were culpable of some offence,  
 They that deserve paine, bear't with patience.  
 Now rash accusing, and thy vaine beliefe,  
 Forbid thine anger to procure my grieve.  
 Loe how the miserable great eared Asse,  
 Duld with much beating, slowly forth doth passe.  
 Behold *Cypassis* wont to dresse thy head,  
 Is charg'd to violate her Mistresse bed.  
 The gods from this sin rid me of suspicion,  
 To live a base wench of despis'd condition.  
 With *Venus* game who will a servant race  
 Or any backe made rough with stripes embrace?

Adde

## OVIDS ELEGIES.

Adde she was diligent thy locks to braid,  
 And for her skill to thee a gratefull maid :  
 Should I sollicite her that is so just ?  
 To take repulse, and cause her shew my lust :  
 I swear by *Venus*, and the wing'd boyes bow,  
 My selfe unguilty of this crime I know.

### ELEGIA. 8.

*Ad Cypassis ancillam Corinna.*

**C***ypassis* that a thousand waies trimst haire,  
 Worthy to kembe none but a goddesse faire;  
 Our pleasant escapes shew thee no Clowae to be,  
 Apt to thy Mistris, but more apt to me.  
 Who that our bodies were comprest bewraide?  
 Whence knowes *Corinna* that with thee I plaid?  
 Yet blusht I not, nor usd I any saying,  
 That might be urg'd to witnesse our false playing.  
 What if a man with bond-women offend?  
 To prove him foolish did J ere contend?  
*Achilles* burnt with face of captive *Briseis* :  
 Great *Agamemnon* lov'd his servant *Chryseis*.  
 Greater than these my selfe I not esteeme,  
 What graced Kings, in me no shane J deeme.  
 But when on thee her angry eyes did rush,  
 In both my cheeks she did perceive the blush.  
 But being present, night that worke the best,  
 By *Venus* Deity how did I protest.  
 Thou goddesse dost command a warme South-blast,  
 My selfe oathes in *Carpathion* seas do cast.  
 For which good ru ne my sweet reward repay,  
 Let me lie with thee browne *Cypasse* to day.  
 Vngrate why feignest new feares? and dost refuse :  
 Well maist thou one thing for thy Mistris u'e.  
 If thou denyest foole, ile our deeds expresse,



# OVIDS ELEGIES.

And as a traitor mine owne fault confesse,  
Telling thy mistresse where I was with thee,  
How oft, and by what meanes we did agree.

## ELEGIA. 9.

### *Ad cupidinem.*

O *Cupid* that dost never cease my smart,  
O boy that lyest so slothfull in my heart.  
Why me that alwaies was thy souldier found,  
Doeft harme, and in my tents why doest me wound?  
Why burnes thy brand, why strikes thy bow thy  
More glory by thy vanquish't foes ascends. (friends?)  
Did not *Pelides* whom his speare did grieve,  
Being requir'd, with speedy helpe relieve?  
Hunters leave taken beasts, pursue the chafe,  
And then things found doe ever further pace.  
Wee people wholly given thee, feele thine armes,  
Thy dull hand stayes thy striving enemies harmes:  
Dost joy to have thy crooked arrowes shaken  
In naked bones? love hath my bones left naked.  
So many men and maidens without love,  
Hence with great laud thou maist a triumph move.  
*Rome* if her strength the huge world had not filld,  
With strawy cabins now her courts should build.  
The weary Souldier hath the conquer'd fields,  
His sword layd by, safe, through rude places yeelds,  
The Docke in harbours ships drawne from the floods,  
Horse freed from service range abroad the woods,  
And time it was for me to live in quit.  
That have so oft serv'd pretty wenches dyet.  
Yet should I curse a god, if he but said,  
Live without love; so sweet ill is a maid,  
For when my loathing it of heat deprives me,  
I know not whether my minds whirle wind drives me

Even

## OVIDS ELEGIES.

Even as a head-strong courser beares away,  
 His rider vainely striving him to stay.  
 Or as a sudaine gale thrusts into sea,  
 The haven touching barke now neare the lea:  
 So wavering *Cupid* brings me backe againe,  
 And purple love resumes his darts againe.  
 Strike boy, I offer thee my naked brest,  
 Here thou hast strength, here thy right hand doth rest.  
 Here of themselves thy shafts come, as if shot,  
 Better than I, their quiver knows them not.  
 Haplesse is he that all the night lyes quiet,  
 And slumbring, thinks himselfe much blessed by it.  
 Foole, what is sleepe but image of cold death,  
 Long shalt thou rest when Fates expire thy breath.  
 But me let crafty damsell's words deceive,  
 Great joyes by hope I inly shall conceive.  
 Now let her flatter me, now chide me hard,  
 Let her enjoy me oft, oft be debard.  
*Cupid* by thee, *Mars* in great doubt doth trample,  
 And thy step-father fights by thy example.  
 Light art thou, and more windy than thy wings,  
 Joyes with uncertaine faith thou takest and brings.  
 Yet love, if thou with thy faire mother heare,  
 Within thy breast no desert empire beare.  
 Subdue the wandring wenches to thy raigne,  
 So of both people shalt thou homage gaine.

### ELEGIA. 10.

*Ad Gracinum quod eodem tempore duas amet.*

GRACINUS (well I wot) thou toldst me once,  
 I could not be in love with two at once.  
 By thee deceived, by thee surpris'd am I,  
 For now I love two women equally.  
 Both are well favour'd, both rich in aray,

*Which*

# QVIDS ELEGIES.

*Which is the loveliest it is hard to say,  
 This seemes the fairest, so doth that to me;  
 And this doth please me most, and so doth she.  
 Even as a Boate, tost by contrary winde,  
 So with this love and that, wavers my minde.  
 Venus, why doublest thou my endlesse smart?  
 Was not one wench enough to grieve my heart?  
 Why addst thou stars to beaven, leaves to greene woods  
 And to the wist deepe sea fresh-water floods?  
 Tet this is better farre than lie alone,  
 Let such as be mine enemies have none.  
 Tea, let my foes sleepe in an empty bed,  
 And in the midst their bodies largely spread.  
 But may soft love rouse up my drowfie eyes.  
 And from my Mistris bosome let me rise.  
 Let one Wench cloy me with sweet loves delight,  
 If one can doo't; if not, two every night.  
 Though I am slender, I have store of pith,  
 Nor want I strength, but weight to presse her with.  
 Pleasure adds fuell to my lust full fire,  
 I pay them home with that they most desire.  
 Oft have I spent the night in wantonnesse,  
 And in the morne beene lively ne rat beleesse.  
 Hee's happy who loves mutuall skirmish layes,  
 And to the gods for that death Ovid prayes.  
 Let souldiers chase their enemies amaine,  
 And with their blood eternall honour gaine.  
 Let Merchants seeke wealth with perjured lips;  
 And being wrackt carowse the sea tir'd by their ships.  
 But when I die, would I might droupe with doing,  
 And in the midst thereof set my soule going;  
 That at my funerals some may weeping cry,  
 Even as he led his life, so did he dye.*

ELEGIA.

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

## ELEGIA. II.

*Ad amicam navigantem.*

**T**He lofty Pine from high Mount *Pelion* raught,  
 Ill waies by rough seas wādring waves first taught,  
 Which rashly 'twixt the sharpe rocks, in the deepe,  
 Carried the famous golden-fleeced sheepe.  
 O would that no Oares might in seas have sunke,  
 The *Argos* wrackt had deadly waters drunke.  
 Loe country Gods, and know bed to forsake,  
*Corinna* meanes, and dangerous wayes to take.  
 For thee the *East* and *West* winds make me pale,  
 With Icy *Boreas*, and the Southerne gale:  
 Thou shalt admire no Woods or Cities there,  
 The unjust seas all blewish doe appeare.  
 The Ocean hath no painted stones or shells,  
 The sucking shore with their aboundance swells.  
 Maids on the shore with Marble-white feet tread,  
 So farre 'tis safe, but to goe farther dread.  
 Let others tell how winds fierce battailes wage,  
 How *Scyllæes* and *Carybdis* waters rage,  
 And with what rocke the fear'd *Cerannia* threat,  
 In what gulfe either *Syrtes* have their seat.  
 Let others tell this, and what each one speakes  
 Belceve, no tempest the beleever wreakes.  
 Too late you looke back, when with anchors weigbd  
 The crooked Barke hath her swift sailes displayd.  
 The carefull ship-man now feares angry gusts,  
 And with the waters sees death neare him thrusts.  
 But if that *Triton* tossè the troubled flood,  
 In all thy face will be no crimson blood.  
 Then wilt thou *Ledar* noble twinne-starrs pray,  
 And he is happy whom the earth holds, say,  
 It is more safe to sleepe, to read a booke,

The

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

The *Thracian* Harpe with cunning to have strooke,  
 But if my words with winged stormes hence slip,  
 Yet *Galatea* favour thou her ship.  
 The losse of such a wench much blame will gather,  
 Both to the Sea-nimphs, and the Sea-nimphs father.  
 Goe, minding to returne with prosperous winde,  
 Whose blast may hither strongly be inclin'd.  
 Let *Nereus* bend the waves unto this shore,  
 Hither the winds blow, here the spring-ride rore.  
 Request milde *Zephires* helpe for thy availe,  
 And with thy hand assilt thy swelling saile.  
 I from the shore thy knowne ship first will see,  
 And say it brings her that preserveth me.  
 Ile clip and kisse thee with all contentation,  
 For thy returne shall fall the vowd oblation,  
 And in the forme of beds weele strow soft sand,  
 Each little hill shall for a table stand.  
 There wine being fill'd, thou many things shalt tell,  
 How almost wrackt thy ship in waime seas fell.  
 And hastning to me, neither darkesome night,  
 Nor violent South-winds did thee ought affright.  
 Ile thinke all true, though it be feigned matter,  
 Mine owne desires why shouldest my selfe not flatter?  
 Let the bright day-starre cause in heaven this day be,  
 To bring that happy time so soone as may be.

## ELEGIA. 12.

*Exultat quod amica potius sit.*

**A**Bout my temples go triumphant Bayes,  
 Conquer'd *Corinna* in my bosome layes.  
 She whom her husband guard, and gate as foes,  
 Least Art should winne her firmly did enclose;  
 That victory doth chiefly triumph merir,  
 Which without blood-shed doth the prey inherir.



## OVIDS ELEGIES.

No little ditched townes, no lowly walles,  
 But to my share a captive damsell falls.  
 When Troy by ten yeares battaile rumbled downe,  
 With the Attrides many gain'd renowne.  
 But I no partner of my glory brooke,  
 Nor can another say this helpe I tooke,  
 I guide, and souldier wonne the field, and ware her,  
 I was both horse-man, foot-man, stander, bearer.  
 Nor in my all hath fortune mingled chance,  
 O care-got triumph hitherwards advance.  
 Nor is my warres cause new, but for a Queene,  
 Europe and Asia in firme peace had beene.  
 The Lapithes and the Centaures for a woman,  
 To cruell armes their drunken selves did summon.  
 A woman for'd the Trojans new to enter  
 Warres, iust Latinus, in thy kingdomes center.  
 A Woman against late-built Rome did send,  
 The Sabine Fathers, who sharpe warres intend.  
 I saw how Bulls for a white Heifer strive,  
 She looking on them did more courage give.  
 And me with many, but yet without murther,  
 Cupid commands to move his ensignes further.

### ELEGIA. 13.

*Ad Isidem, ut parientem Corinnam juvet.*

While rashly her wombes burthen she casts out,  
 Weary Corinna hath her life in doubt.  
 She secretly with me such harme attempted,  
 Angry I was, but feare my wrath exempted.  
 But she conceiv'd of me, or I am sure  
 I oft have done what might as much procure.  
 Thou that frequents Canopus pleasant fields,  
 Memphis and Pharos that sweet Date-trees yields,  
 And where swift Nile in his large channell slipping,  
 By

## OVIDS ELEGIES.

By seven huge mouths into the sea is slipping,  
 By fear'd *Anubis* visage J thee pray,  
 So in thy Temples shall *Osiris* stay,  
 And the dull *Snake* about thy offerings creepe,  
 And in thy pompe hornd *Apis* with thee keepe.  
 Turne thy lookes hither, and in one spare twaine,  
 Thou givest my Mistris life, she mine againe.  
 She oft hath serv'd thee upon certaine dayes,  
 Where the *French* rout engirt themselves with Bayes.  
 On labouring women thou dost pittie take,  
 Whose bodies with their heavy burthens ake.  
 My wench *Lucina*, J intreat thee favour,  
 Worthy she is, thou shouldst in mercy save her.  
 In white, with incense Ile thine Altars greece,  
 My selfe will bring vowed gifts before thy feete:  
 Subscribing *Naso* with *Corinna* sav'd,  
 Doe but deserve gifts with this title grav'd:  
 But if in so great feare J may advise thee,  
 To have this skirmish fought, let it suffice thee.

### ELEGIA. 14.

*In amicam, quod abortivum ipsa fecerit.*

What helps it Woman to be freed from warre?  
 Nor being arm'd fierce troops to follow farre?  
 If without batel selfe-wrought wounds annoy them,  
 And their owne privy-weapon'd hands destroy them.  
 Who unborne infants first to slay invented,  
 Deserv'd thereby with death to be tormented,  
 Because thy belly should rough wrinkles lack,  
 Wilt thou thy wombe-inclosed off-spring wrack?  
 Had ancient mothers this vile custome cherish't,  
 All humane kinde by their default had perish't.  
 On stones our stocks originall should be hurl'd,  
 Again by some in this unpeopled world,

Who

## OVIDS ELEGIES.

Who should have *Priams* wealthy substance wonne,  
 If watty *Thetis* had her childe fore-done ?  
 In swelling wombe her twinnes had *Ilia* kild,  
 He had not beene that conquering *Rome* did build.  
 Had *Venus* spoi'd her bellies *Trojan* fruite,  
 The earth of *Cæsars* had beene destitute.  
 Thou also, that wert borne faire, hadst decayed,  
 If such a worke thy mother had assayed.  
 My selfe that better dye with loving may,  
 Had seene my mother killing me to day.  
 Why tak'st increasing grapes from Vine-trees full ?  
 With cruell hand why dost greene Apples pull ?  
 Fruits ripe will fall, let springing things increase,  
 Life is no light price of a small surcease.  
 Why with hid irons are your bowells torne ?  
 And why dire poison give you babes unborne ?  
 And *Choleis* stain'd with childrens blood men rail,  
 And mother murther'd *Itis* thee bewaile,  
 Both unkind Parents, but for caused sad,  
 Their wedlocks pledges veng'd their husbands bad.  
 What *Tereus*, what *Jason* you provokes,  
 To plague your bodies with such harmefull strokes ?  
*Armenian* Tygers never did so ill,  
 Nor dares the *Lyonnesse* her young whelps kill.  
 But tender Damsells doe it, though with paine,  
 Oft dies she that her paunch-wrapt child hath slaine.  
 She dyes, and with loose haire to grave is sent,  
 And who ere see her, worthily lament.  
 But in the ayre let these words come to nought,  
 And my presages of no weight be thought.  
 Forgive her gracious gods, this one delict,  
 And on the next fault punishment inflict.

ELE-

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

## ELEGIA. 15.

*Ad annulum, quem dono amica dedit.*

**T**Hou Ring that shalt my faire girles finger binde,  
Wherein is seene the givers loving mind:  
Be welcome to her, gladly let her take thee,  
And her small ioynts in circling round hoope make thee:  
Fit her so well, as she is fit for me,  
And of iust compasse for her knuckles be.  
Blest ring thou in my Mistris hand shalt lye.  
My selfe poore wretch mine owne gifts now envie.  
O would that suddainly into my gift,  
I could my selfe by secret Magick shift,  
Then would I wish thee touch my Mistris pappe,  
And hide thy left hand underneath her lappe:  
I would get off though straight, and sticking fast,  
And in her bosome strangely fall at last.  
Then I, that I may seale her privy leaues,  
Lest to the waxe the hold fast dry gemme cleaves,  
Would first my beauteous wenches moist lips touch,  
Onely Ile signe nought, that may grieve me much.  
I would not out, might I in one place hit,  
But in lesse compasse her small fingers knit.  
My life, that I will shame thee never feare,  
Or by a load thou shouldst refuse to beare.  
Weare me, when warmest showers my members wash,  
And through the gemme let thy lost waters pass:  
But seeing thee, I thinke my thing will swell,  
And even the Ring performe a mans part well.  
Vaine things why wish I? goe small gift from hand,  
Let her my faith with thee given understand.

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

## ELEGIA. 16.

*Ad amicam. ut ad rura sua veniat.*

S Vlmo, Pelignies thir d part me containes.  
 A small, but wholesome soyle with warry veins.  
 Although the Sunne to riewe the earth incline,  
 And the Icarian frward Dogge-starre shine.  
 Pilignian fields with liquid rivers flow,  
 And on the soft ground fertile greene grasse grow.  
 With corne the earth abounds, with vines much more,  
 And some few pastures Pallas Olive bore.  
 And by the rising herbes, where cleare springs slide,  
 A grassie turffe the moist ned earth doth hide.  
 But absent is my fire, lies ile tell none,  
 My heart is here, what moves my beat is gone.  
 Pollux and Castor, might I stand hermit,  
 In heaven without thee would I not be fixt.  
 Upon the cold earth pensive let them lay,  
 That meane to trauaile some long iork some way.  
 Or else will maidens, young mens mates, to goe,  
 If they determine to perseuer so.  
 Then on the rough Alpes should I tread aloft,  
 My hard way with my mistresse would seeme soft.  
 With her I durst the Lybian Syrtes break through,  
 And raging seas in boysterous Scurh-winds plough.  
 No barking dog that Syllaes intrades beare,  
 Nor thy gulfes crooked Malea would I feare.  
 No flowing waves with drowned ships forth poured,  
 By cloyed Charibdis, and againe deuoured.  
 But if sterne Neptunes windy power preuaile,  
 And waters force, force helping gods to faile,  
 With thy white armes upon my shoulders siege,  
 So sweet a burthen I will beare with ease.  
 The youth rst swimming to his Hero kind,

D

Had

L E-



## OVIDS ELEGIES.

Had then swum over, but the way was blind,  
 But without thee, although vine-planted ground  
 Contains me, though the streames in field surroand:  
 Though Hindes in brookes the running waters bring,  
 And coole gales shake the tall trees leavy spring,  
 Healthfull Peligny I esteeme vought worth,  
 Nor doe I like the countrey of my birth.  
 Scythia, Cilicia, Britaine, are as good,  
 And rocks dyed crimson with Prometheus blood.  
 Elmes love the Vines, the Vines with Elmes abide,  
 Why doth my mistresse from me oft divide?  
 Thou swearest diuision should not twixt us rise,  
 By me, and by my starres, thy radiant eyes,  
 Maids words more vaine and light than falling leaues,  
 Which as it seemes, hence winde and sea bereaues.  
 If any godly care of me thou hast,  
 Adde deeds unto thy promises at last.  
 And swift Naggs drawing thy little Coach,  
 (Their reines let loose) right soone my house approach.  
 But when she comes, your swelling mounts sinke downe,  
 And falling vales be the smooth waies crowne.

### ELEGIA. 17.

*Quod Corinna soli sit seruitorum.*

TO serve a wench if any thinke it shame,  
 He being Judge, I am convinc'd of blame.  
 Let me be slandered, while my fire she hides,  
 That Paphos and the floud-beate Cithera guides,  
 Would I had beene my Mistresse gentle prey,  
 Since some faire one I should of force obey.  
 Beauty gives heart, Corinnas lookes excell,  
 Aye me, why is it knowne to her so well?  
 But by her glasse disdainfull pride she learns,  
 Nor she her selfe but first trim'd up discernes.

## OVIDS ELEGIES.

Not though thy face in all things make thee raigne,  
 (O face most cunning mine eyes to detaine)  
 Thou oughtst therefore to scorne me for thy mate,  
 Small things with greater may be copulate.  
 Love-snar'd Calypso is suppos'd to pray,  
 A mortall Nymphs refusing Lord to stay.  
 Who doubts, with *Pelias*, *Theris* did consort,  
*Egeria* with iust *Numa* had good sport,  
*Venus* with *Vulcan*, though some smiths tooles laid by  
 With his stumpe foote he halts ill-favouredly.  
 This kind of verse is not alike, yet fit,  
 With shorter numbers the *Heroicke* sit.  
 And thou my light accept me how so ever,  
 Lay in the mid bed, there be my law-giver.  
 My stay no crime my flight no joy shall breed,  
 Nor of our love to be asham'd we need.  
 For great renewes, I good verses have,  
 And many by me to get glory crave.  
 I know a wench reports her selfe *Corinne*,  
 What would not she give that faire name to winne?  
 But sundry foulds in one banke never goe,  
*Eurotas* cold, and poplar bearing *Po*.  
 Nor in my bookes shall one but thou be writ,  
 Thou doest alone give matter to my wit.

### ELEGIA. 18.

*Ad Macrum, quod de amoribus scribat,*

TO Tragicke verse while thou *Achylles* rrainst,  
 And new sworne souldiers maiden armes retainst,  
 We *Macer* sit in *Venus* storkfull shade,  
 And tender love hath great things barefull made.  
 Often at length, my wench deparr, I bid,  
 She in my lap sits still as erst she did.  
 I said it irkes me halfe to weeping framed,

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

Aye me she cries, to love why art ashamed?  
 Then wreathes about my neck her winding armes,  
 And thousand kisses gives, that worke my barmes:  
 I yeeld, and backe my wit from battailes bring,  
 Domesticke afts, and mine owne wa res to sing.  
 Tet tragedies and scepters filld my lines,  
 But though I apt were for such high designes,  
 Love laughed at my cloak and buskins painted,  
 And ruld so soone with private hands acquainted.  
 My mistress deitty also drew me fro it,  
 And love triumpheth ore his buskin Post.  
 What lawfullis, or we profess'e loves art,  
 (Alas my precepts turne my selfe to smart)  
 We write, or what Penelope sends Vlysses,  
 Or Phillis teares, that her Demophoon misses.  
 What thankesse Jason, Macareus, and Paris,  
 Phedra, and Hipoline may read my care is,  
 And what poore Dido with her dradve sword sharpe,  
 Doth say with her that low'd the Aonian Harpe.  
 As soone as from strange lands Sabinus came,  
 And writings did from divers places frame,  
 White cheek't Penelope knew Vlysses siare,  
 The step-dame read Hypolitrus lustlesse liare.  
 Aeneas to Elisa ar swer gives,  
 And Phillis bath to read; if now she lives.  
 Jasons sad letter doth Hippipile greet,  
 Sappho her vowed harpe laies at Phœbus feet.  
 Nor of the Macer that resoundst forth armes,  
 Is golden love bidin Mars midallarmes.  
 There Paris is, and Hellens crimes record,  
 With Laodemia, mate to her deare Lord.  
 Vnlesse I erre, to these I more excline,  
 Than warres, and from thy tents will come to mine.

ELEGIA.

# ·OVIDS ELEGIES.

## ELEGIA: 19.

*Ad rivalem, cui uxor curæ non erat.*

**F**Oole if to keepe thy wife thou hast no need,  
 Keepe her for me, my more desire to breed.  
 We scorne things lawfull, stolne sweets we affect.  
 Cruell is he, that loyes whom none protect.  
 Let us both lovers hope, and feare alike,  
 And may repulse place for our wishes strike.  
 What should I doe with fortune that ne're failes me?  
 Nothing I love, that at all times avails me.  
 Wily *Corinna* saw this blemish in me,  
 And craftily knowes by what meanes to winne me.  
 Ah often, that her haire head asked, she lying,  
 Wild me, whose slow feet sought delay by flying.  
 Ah oft how much she might, the feign'd offence,  
 And doing wrong made shew of innocence.  
 So having vext she nourish't my warme fire,  
 And was againe most apt to my desire.  
 To please me, what faire termes and sweet words has  
 Great gods what kisses, and how many gave she? (she,  
 Thou also that late rookest mine eyes away,  
 Oft couden me, of being wooed say nay,  
 And on thy threshold let me lye disprede,  
 Suffering much to d by hoary nights frost bred.  
 So shall my love continue many yeares,  
 This doth delight me, this my courage cheares,  
 Fat love, and too much fullsome me annoyes,  
 Even as sweet meat a glutted stomack cloyes.  
 In brazen Tower had not *Danae* dwelt,  
 A mothers joy by *Jove* she had not felt.  
 While *Juno* Io keeps when hornes she wore,  
*Jove* liked her better than he did before.  
 Who covets lawfull things, takes leaves from woods,

## OVIDS ELEGIES:

And drinke stolne waters in surrounding foulds?  
Her lover let her mocke that long will raigne,  
Aye me, let not my warnings caule my paine,  
What ever haps, by suffrance harme is done,  
What flies, I follow, what follows me I shun.  
But thou of thy faire damsell too secure,  
Begin to shut thy house at evening sure.  
Search at the doore who knocks oft in the darke,  
In nights deepe silence why the ban-dogs barke.  
Whether the subtil maid lines brings and carries,  
Why she alone in empty bed oft taries.  
Let this care sometimes bite thee to the quick,  
That to deceits it may me forward prick,  
To steale sands from the shore he loves alive,  
That can effect a foolish wittals wife.  
Now I forewarne, unlesse to keepe her stronger,  
Thou dost begin, he shall be mine no longer.  
Long have I born much, hoping time would beat thee  
To guard her well, that well I might intreat thee,  
Thou suffrest what no husband can endure,  
But of my love it will an end procure.  
Shall I poore soule be never interdicted?  
Nor never with nights sharpe revenge afflicted?  
In sleeping shall I fearelesse draw my breath?  
Wilt nothing doe, why I should wish thy death?  
Can I but loath a husband growne a baude,  
By thy default thou dost our joyes defraud,  
Some other seek that may in patience strive with thee  
To please me, forbid me to coriue with thee.

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# OVIDS ELEGIES.

## P. Ovidii Nasonis Amorum, Liber tertius.

### ELEGIA. I.

*Deliberatio Poeta, utrum elegos pergat scribere,  
an potius tragedias.*

AN old wood stands uncut of long yeares space,  
Tis credible some good head hannts the place:  
In midst thereof a stone pav'd sacred spring,  
Where round about small birds most sweetly sing.  
Here while I walke hid close in shady grove,  
To find what worke my Muse might move, I strove.  
*Elegia* came with haire perfumed sweet,  
And one, I thinke, was longer of her feet.  
A decent forme, thin robe, a lovers looke,  
By her foots blemish greater grace we tooke:  
Then with huge steps came violent *Tragedie*,  
Sterne was her front, her looke on ground did lye.  
Her left hand held abroad a regall scepter,  
The *Lydian* buskin fit places kept her,  
And first he said, when will thy love be spent,  
O Poet carelesse of thy argument?  
Wine-bibbing banquets tell thy naughtinesse,  
Each crosse-wayes corner doth as much expresse.  
Of some points at the Prophet passing by,  
And this is he whom fierce love burnes, they cry,  
A laughing stock thou art to all the City,  
While without shame thou singst thy lewdnesse ditty.  
Tis time to move grave things in lofty stile,  
Long hast thou loyter'd, greater workes compile.  
The Subject hides thy wit, mens acts resound,  
This thou wilt say to be a worthy ground.  
Thy Muse hath playd what may milde girls content,

# OVIDS IELEGYES.

And by those numbers is thy first youth spent:  
 Now give the *Roman* Tragedy a name,  
 To fill my lawes thy wanton spirit frame.  
 This said, she mov'd her buskins gayly varnish't,  
 And severntimes shook her head with thick locks gar-  
 The other smil'd, (I wor) with wanton eyes, (nistr.  
 Erre J? or Myrtle in her right hand lyes.  
 With lofty words stout *Tragedy* (she said)  
 Why treadst me downe? art thou aye gravely playd?  
 Thou deignst unequall lines should thee rehearse,  
 Thou fightst against me using mine owne verse.  
 Thy lofty stile with mine J not compare,  
 Small doores unfitting for large houses are.  
 Light am I, and with me, my care light love,  
 Not stronger am I than the thing I move.  
*Venus* without me should be rusticall,  
 This goddesse company doct to me befall.  
 What gate thy stately words cannot unlock,  
 My flatt'ring speeches soone wide open knock:  
 And J deserve more than thou canst in verity,  
 By suffering much not borne by thy severity.  
 By me *Corinna* learns, quzening her guard,  
 To get the doore with little noise unbar'd.  
 And slipt from bed cloth'd in a loose night-gowne,  
 To move her feet unheard in sitting downe,  
 Ah how oft on hard doores hung I engrav'd,  
 From no mans reading fearing to be sav'd.  
 But till the Keepers went forth, I forget not  
 The maid to hide me in her bosome let not.  
 What gift with me was on her birth-day sent,  
 But cruelly by her was drown'd and rent.  
 First of thy mind the happy seeds J knew,  
 Thou hast my gift, when she would from thee sue.  
 She left, I said, you both I must beseech,  
 To empty aire may goe my fearefull speech.

With

## OVIDS ELEGIES..

With scepters, & high buskins th' one would dresse me,  
 So through the world shold bright renoun expresse me.  
 The other gives my love a conquering name,  
 Come therefore, and to long verse shorter frame.  
 Grant Tragedy thy Poet times least title,  
 Thy labour ever lasts, she asks but little.  
 She gave me leave, soft loves in time make hast,  
 Some greater worke will urge me on at last.

### ELEGIA. 2.

*Ad amicam cursum equorum spectantem.*

I Sit not here the noble horse to see,  
 Yet whom thou favour'st, pray may conquerour be.  
 To sit and talke with thee I hither came,  
 That thou maist know with love thou mak'st me lame.  
 Thou viewst the course, I thee; let either heed,  
 What please them, and their eyes let either feed.  
 What horse driver thou favour'st most, is best,  
 Because on him thy care doth hap to rest.  
 Such chance let me have, I would bravely run,  
 On swift steeds mounted till the race were done.  
 Now would I slacke the reines, now lash their hide,  
 With wheelles bent inward now the ring-farne ride.  
 In running if I see thee, I shall stay,  
 And from my hands the reines will slip away.  
 Ah Pelops from his coach was almost feld,  
 Hippodameias looks while he beheld.  
 Yet he attain'd by her support to have her,  
 Let us all conquer by our mistresse favour.  
 In vaine why flyest backe? force conjoynes us now,  
 The places lames this benefit allow.  
 But spare my wench, thou at her right hand seated,  
 By thy sides touching ill she is intreated.  
 And sit thou rounder, that behind us see,

For

## OVIDS ELEGIES.

For shame presse not her backe with thy hard knees  
 But on the ground thy cloaths too loosely lye,  
 Gather them up, or lift them loe will I.  
 Envious garments so good legges to hide,  
 The more thou lookst, the more the gowne envide.  
 Swift Atalantas flying legges like these,  
 Wish in his hands graspt did Hippomenes,  
 Coate-tuckt Dianas legges are painted like them.  
 When strong wild beasts free stronger hunts to strike  
 Ere these were seene, I burnt: what will these do? (them  
 Flames into flame, floods thou powrest seas into,  
 By these I iudge, delight me may the rest,  
 Whichlye hid under her thin vaile suppress.  
 Yet in the meane time wilt small winds bestow,  
 That from thy fanne, mov'd by my hand may blow?  
 Or is my heart, of minde, not of the skie?  
 Is't womens love my captive brest doth frie?  
 While thus I spake, blacke dust her white robes ray:  
 Foule dust from her faire body goe away.  
 Now comes the pompe, themselves let all men cheere,  
 The shout is nigh, the golden pompe comes here.  
 First Victory is brought with large-spread wing,  
 Goddesse come here, make my love conquering.  
 Applaud you Neptune, that dare trust his wave,  
 The Sea I use not, me my earth must have.  
 Souldier applaud thy Mars, no warres we move;  
 Peace pleasest me, and in mid peace is love.  
 With Augures Phæbus, Phæbe with hunters stands,  
 To thee Minerva turne the craft-mens hands.  
 Ceres and Bacchus Countrey-men adore,  
 Champions place Pollux, Castor loves horsemen more.  
 Thee gentle Venus, and the boy that flies,  
 We praise, great goddesse aide my enterprize.  
 Let my new Mistrisse grant to be beloved,  
 She beckt, and prosperous signes gave as she moved.

What

## OVIDS ELEGIES.

*What Venus promis'd, promise thou we pray,  
 Greater than her, by her leave thou art, Ile say.  
 The gods, and their rich pompe witnesse with me,  
 For evermore thou shalt my mistresse be.  
 Thy legges hang downe, thou maiest, if that be best,  
 Or while thy tip-toes on the foot-stool rest:  
 Now greatest spectacles the Prætor sends,  
 Fower-chariot horses from the lists even ends.  
 I see whom thou affectest, be shall subdue,  
 The horses seeme, as they desire they knew.  
 Alas, he runs too farre about the ring,  
 What doest? thy wagon in lesse compass bring.  
 What doest unhappy? her good wishes fade,  
 Let with strong hand the reyne to bend be made.  
 One slowe we favour, Romans him revoke,  
 And each give signes by casting up his cloake.  
 They call him backe, lest their gownes tesse thy haire,  
 To hide thee in my bosome straight repairs.  
 But now againe the barriers open lye;  
 And forth the gay troupes on swift horses flye.  
 At least now conquer, and out-run the rest:  
 My Mistris wish confirme with my request.  
 My Mistris hath her wish, my wish remaines:  
 He holds the palme, my palme is yet to gaine.  
 She smil'd, and with quicke eyes behight some grace,  
 Pay it not here, but in another place.*

### ELEGIA. 3.

*De amica, quæ periurata erat.*

**W**Hat are there gods? her selfe she hath forswore,  
 And yet remains the face she had before.  
 How long her locks were, ere her oath she tooke,  
 Solong they be, since she her faith forooke.  
 Faire white with rose red was before commixt,  
Now



# OVIDS ELEGIES.

Now shine her lookes pure white and red betmixt.  
 Her foot was small, her foots forme is most fit :  
 Comely tall was she, comely tall she's yet.  
 Sharpe eyes she had, radiant like starres they be,  
 By which she perjur'd oft hath lied by me.  
 Insooth the eternall powers grant maids society,  
 Falsely to sweare, their beauty hath some deitty.  
 By her eyes I remember late she swore,  
 And by mine eyes, and mine were pained sore.  
 Say gods, if she unpunisht you deceive,  
 For other faults, why doe I losse receive?  
 But did you not so envy Cepheus daughter,  
 For her ill beaureous Mother judg'd to slaughter.  
 Tis not enough, she shakes your record off,  
 And unrevenge do mockt gods with me doth scoffe.  
 But by my paine to purge her perjurier  
 Couzen'd, I am the couzeners sacrifice.  
 God is a name, no substance, fear'd in vaine,  
 And doth the world in fond believe detaine.  
 Or if there be a god, he loves fine wenches,  
 And all things too much in their sole power drenches.  
 Mars girts his deadly sword on for my harme,  
 Pallas Launce strikes me with unconquered arme.  
 At me Apollo bends his plyant bow.  
 At me Joves right hand lightning hath to throw.  
 The wronged gods dread faire ones to offend,  
 And feare those, that to feare them least intend.  
 Who now will care the Altars to perfume?  
 Tut, men should not their courage so consume.  
 Iove throws downe woads and Castles with his fire,  
 But bids his darts from perjur'd girles retire.  
 Poore Semele among so many burn'd,  
 Her owne request to her owne torment turn'd.  
 But when her lover came, had she drawne backe,  
 The fathers thigh should unborne Bacchus lacke.

Why

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

Why grieve I? and of heaven reproaches pen?  
 The gods have eyes, and breasts as well as men.  
 Were I a god, I should give women leaue,  
 With lying lips my God-head to decave.  
 My selfe would sweare, the wenches true did sweare,  
 And I would be none of the gods severe.  
 But yet their gift more moderately use,  
 Or in mine eyes good wench no paine transfuse.

## ELEGIA. 4.

*Ad virum servantem conjugem.*

Rude man, 'tis vaine thy damsell to commend  
 To keepers trust: their wits should them defend.  
 Who, without feare, is chaste, its chastity sooth:  
 Who because meanes want, doth not she dot.  
 Though thou her body guard, her mind is stain'd:  
 Nor, lest she will, can any be restrain'd.  
 Nor canst by watching keepe her mind from sin,  
 All being shut out, the adulterer is within.  
 Who may offend, sinnes least: power to doe ill.  
 The fainting seeds of naughtinesse doth fill.  
 Forbear to kindle vice by prohibition,  
 Sooner shall kindnesse gainc thy wills fruition.  
 I saw a horse against the bit stiffe neckt,  
 Like lightning goe, his strugling mouth being checkt;  
 When he perceiv'd the reines let slacke, he stayd,  
 And on his loose mane the loose bridle layd.  
 How to attaine what is denyed, we thinke,  
 Even as the sicke desire forbidden drinke.  
 Argus had either way an hundred eyes,  
 Yet by deceit Love did them all surprize.  
 In stone and iron waller Danae shut,  
 Came forth a mother, though a maids love put.  
 Penelope, though no watch block'd aunte her,

Was

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

Was not defil'd by any gallant wooer:  
 What's kept, we cover more: the care makes the best:  
 Few love what others have unguarded left,  
 Nor doth her face please, but her husbands love;  
 I know not what men thinke should thee so move.  
 She is not chaste, that's kept, but a deare whore:  
 Thy feare is than her body valued more.  
 Although thou chafe, stolne pleasure is sweeter play:  
 She pleaseth best, I feare, if any say.  
 A free-borne wench no right tis up to locke,  
 So use we women of strange nations stocke.  
 Because the keeper may come say, I did it,  
 She must be honest to thy servants credit.  
 He is too clownish, whom a lewd wife grieves,  
 And this townes well knowne customes not beleeves.  
 Where wars his sonnes not without fault did breed,  
 Remus and Romulus, I has twinne borne seed.  
 Cannot a faire one, if nat chaste, please thee?  
 Never can these by any meanes agree.  
 Kindly thy Mistress use, if thou be wise,  
 Looke gently, and rough husbands lawes despise.  
 Honour what friends, thy wife gives, she'll give many,  
 Least labour shall winne great grace of any.  
 So shalt thou goe with youths to feasts together:  
 And see at home much, that thou nere broughtst thither.

## ELEGIA. 5.

*Ad amnem dum iter faceret ad amicam.*

Flood with red-growne slime bankes, ti'l I be past,  
 Thy waters stay, I to my Mistress haste.  
 Thou hast no bridge, nor boar with ropes to throw,  
 That may transport me without oares to row.  
 Thee I have pass'd, and knew thy streame none such,  
 When thy waves brim did scarce my ankles touch.

With

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

With snow thawd from the next hill how thou rushest  
 And in thy soule deepe waters now thou rushest,  
 What helps my haste, what to have tane small rest?  
 What day and night to travaile in her quest?  
 If standing here I can by no meanes get,  
 My foot upon the further banke to set:  
 Now with I those wings noble *Perseus* had,  
 Bearing the head with dreadfull Arrows clad,  
 Now with the chariot where corn-fields were found,  
 First to be throwne upon the untilld ground.  
 I speake old Poets wonderfull inventions,  
 Nere was, nor shall be, what my verse mentions.  
 Rather thou large banke overflowing River,  
 Slide in thy bounds, so shalt thou run for ever.  
 (Trust me) land-streame thou shalt no envy lack,  
 If I a lover be by thee held backe.  
 Great floods ought to assist young men in love,  
 Great floods the force of it doe often prove.  
 In mid *Bithynia* tis said *Inachus*,  
 Grew pale, and in cold fords hot lecherous.  
 Troy had not yet beene ten yeares siege out-stander,  
 When Nymph-*Neera* rapt thy lookes *Stamander*.  
 What? nor *Alpheus* in strange lands to run,  
 Th' *Arcadian* Virgins constant love hath wonne.  
 And *Crusa* unto *Zanclus* first asside,  
 They say *Peneus* neare *Phthias* towne did hide,  
 What should I name *Esopus*, that *Thebe* lov'd,  
*Thebe*, who mother of five daughters prov'd.  
 If *Achelous*, take where thy hornes stand,  
 Thou saist broke with *Leides* angry hand.  
 Not *Calydon*, nor *Eralla* did please:  
 One *Delanira* was more worth than these,  
 Rich Nile by seven mouths to the vast sea flowing,  
 Who so well keeps his waters head from knowing,  
 Is by *Evadne* thought to take such name,

As





# OVIDS ELEGIES.

Why stay I? men point at me for a whore,  
 Shame, that should make me blush, I have no more.  
 This said: her coate, hood-wink't her fearefull eyes,  
 And into water desperately she flies.  
 'Tis said the slippery streame held up her brest,  
 And kindly gave her what she liked best.  
 And I beleeeve some wench thou hast affected,  
 But woods and groves keepe your faults undetected.  
 Whilst thus I speake, the waters more abounded,  
 And from the channell all abroad surrounded.  
 Mad streame, why doest our mutuall joyes deferre?  
 Clowne, from my journey why dost me deterre?  
 How wouldst thou flow wert thou a noble flood,  
 If thy great fame in every region stood?  
 Thou hast no name, but com'st frō snowy mountains,  
 No certaine house thou hast, nor any fountains,  
 Thy springs are nought but raine and melted snow,  
 Which wealth cold winter doth on thee bestow.  
 Either th'art muddy in mid-winter tide,  
 Or full of dust doest on the dry earth slide.  
 What thirsty traveller ever drunke of thee,  
 Who said with gratefull voice perpetuall be?  
 Harmefull to beasts, and to the fields thou proves,  
 Perchance these, others, me mine owne losse moves.  
 To this I fondly loves of flood told plainly,  
 I shame so great names to have us'd so vainely:  
 I know not what expecting, I ere while  
 Nam'd *Achelaus*, *Inachus*, and *Ile*,  
 But for thy merits I wish thee, white streame,  
 Dry winters aye, and sunnes in heate extreame.

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

## ELEGIA. 6.

*Quod ab amica receptus, cum ea coire non  
potuit, conqueritur.*

Either she was foule, or her attire was bad,  
 Or she was not the wench I wisht t' have had.  
 Idly J lay with her, as if I lov'd not,  
 And like a burthen griev'd the bed that mov'd not.  
 Though both of us perform'd our true intent,  
 Yet could J not cast anchor where J meant.  
 She on my necke her Ivory armes did throw,  
 Her armes farre whiter than the Scythian snow:  
 And eagerly she kist me with her tongue,  
 And under mine her wanton thigh she flung.  
 Yea, and she sooth'd me up, and calld me sir,  
 And us'd all speech that might provoke, and stir.  
 Yet like as if cold Hemlock J had drunke,  
 It mocked me, hung downe the head and sunke.  
 Like a dull Cipher, or rude block J lay,  
 Or shade, or body was J who can say?  
 What will my age doe? age I cannot shun,  
 When in my prime my force is spent and done.  
 I blush that being youthfull, hot, and lusty,  
 I prove neither youth nor man, but old and rusty.  
 Pure rose she, like a Nunne to sacrifice,  
 Or one that with her tender brother lyes.  
 Yet boarded I the golden Chie twice,  
 And Libas, and the white checkt Pitho thrice.  
 Corinna crav'd it in a summers night,  
 And nine sweet bouts we had before day light.  
 What wast my limbs through some Thessalian charmes?  
 Nay spells, and drugs doe silly soules such harmes?  
 With virgin waxe hath some imbast my joynts?  
 And pierc'd my liver with sharpe needles points?

Glarme

# OVIDS ELE GIES.

Charms change corne to graſſe, and make it dye,  
 By charms are running ſprings and fountaines dry,  
 By charms maſt drops from Oaks, from vines grapes fall,  
 And fruit from trees when there's no wind at all.  
 Why might not then my ſinews be enchanted?  
 And I grow faint as with ſome ſpirit haunted,  
 To this adde ſhame, ſhame to performe it quaild me,  
 And was the ſecond cauſe why vigour faild me.  
 My idle thoughts delighted her no more,  
 Than did the robe or garment which ſhe wore.  
 Yet might her touch make youthfull Pylius fire,  
 And Tithon livelier than his yeares require,  
 Even her I had, and ſhe had me in vaine,  
 What might I crave more, if I aſke againe?  
 I thinke the great gods griev'd they had beſtow'd  
 The benefit, which lewdly I for ſlow'd.  
 I wiſht to be receiv'd in, in I get me,  
 To kiſſe, I kiſſe: to lie with her ſhe let me.  
 Why was I bleſt? why made King to reſuſe it?  
 Chuffe-like had I not gold, and could not uſe it?  
 So in a ſpring thrives he that rold ſo much,  
 And lookes upon the fruit he cannot touch.  
 Hath any Roſe ſo from a freſh young maid,  
 As ſhe might ſtraight have gone to Church and praid;  
 Well, I beleeve, ſhe kiſt not as ſhe ſhould,  
 Nor uſde the ſleight and cunning which ſhe could,  
 Huge Oaks, hard Adamants might ſhe have moved,  
 And with ſweet words cauſe deafe rocks to have moved.  
 Worthy ſhe was to move both gods and men,  
 But neither was I man, nor lived then.  
 Can deafe eare rake delight when Phæmius ſings?  
 Or Thamiris in curious painted things?  
 What ſweet thought is there but I had the ſame?  
 And one gave place ſtill as another came.  
 Yet notwithſtanding like one dead it lay,

## OVIDS ELEGIES.

Drouping more than a Rose pull'd yesterday.  
 Now when he should not jette, he boulds upright,  
 And craves his raske, and seekes to be at fight.  
 Lie downe with shame, and see thou stirre no more,  
 Seeing thou wouldst deceive me as before.  
 Thou couldest me, by thee surpris'd am I,  
 And biddest losse with endlesse infamy.  
 Nay more, the wench did not disdain a whit  
 To take it in her hand, and play with it.  
 But when she saw it would by no meanes stand,  
 But still droupt downe, regarding not her hand,  
 Why mock'st thou me she cry'd? or being ill,  
 Who bad thee lie downe here against thy will?  
 Either thou art witcht with bould of frogs new dead,  
 Or jaded cam'st thou from some others bed.  
 With that her loose gowne on, from me she cast her,  
 In skipping out her naked feet much grac'd her,  
 And lest her maide should know of this disgrace,  
 To cover it, spilt water on the place.

### ELEGIA. 7.

*Quod ab amico non recipiatur, doler.*

What man will now take liberall Arts in hand,  
 Or thinke soft verse in any stead to stand?  
 Wit was sometimes more precious than gold,  
 Now poverty great barbarisme we hold.  
 When our booke did my mistresse faire content,  
 I might not goe whither my papers went.  
 She prais'd me, yet the gate shut fast upon her,  
 I here and there go witty with dishonour.  
 See a rich chuffe, whose wounds great wealth inferr'd  
 For blou shed Knighted, before me preferr'd.  
 Foole, canst thou him in white armes embrace?  
 Foole, canst thou lie in his enfolding space?

Knowest

## OVIDS ELEGIES.

Knowest not his head a Helme was wont to beare,  
 This side that serves thee, a sharpe sword did weare.  
 His left hand whereon gold doth ill alight,  
 A target bore, bloud sprinkled was his right,  
 Canst touch that hand wherewith some one lie dead ?  
 Ah whither is thy breasts soft nature fled ?  
 Behold the signes of ancient fight, his skarres,  
 What e're he hath, his body gain'd in warres.  
 Perhaps he'll tell how oft he slew a man,  
 Confessing this, why dost thou touch him thin ?  
 J the pure Priest of *Phœbus* and the Muses,  
 At thy deafe doore: in verse sing my abuses.  
 Now what we slothfull knew, let wise men learne,  
 But follow trembling camps and battailes sterne.  
 And for a good verse draw the first darts forth,  
 Homer without this shall be nothing worth.  
 Jove being admonisht gold had soveraigne power,  
 To winne the maid, came in a golde: shower :  
 Till then rough was her father, the severe,  
 The posts of Brasse, the walles of Iron were.  
 But when in gifts the wise adulterer came,  
 She held her lap ope to receive the same.  
 Yet when old *Saturne* heavens rule posselt,  
 All gaine in darknesse the deepe earth suppress ;  
 Gold, silver, irons, heavy weight, and brasse,  
 In hell were harbour'd, here was found no masse :  
 But better things it gave, corne without ploughes,  
 Apples, and honey in Oakes hollow boughes.  
 With strong ploughshares no man the earth did cleave  
 The ditcher no markes on the ground did leave :  
 Nor hanging oares the troubled Sea did sweepe,  
 Men kept the shoare, and saild not into deepe.  
 Against thy selfe, mans nature, thou wert cunning,  
 And to thy one losse was thy wit swift running.  
 Why guirdest thy Cities with a towred wall ?



## OVIDS ELEGIES.

Why letst discordant hands to armour fall?  
 What doest with seas? with earth thou wert content,  
 Why seekst not heaven the third realme to frequent?  
 Heaven thou affects, with *Romulus*, temples brave  
*Bacchus*, *Alcides*, and now *Cæsar* have.  
 Gold from the earth in stead of fruits we pluck,  
 Souldiers by blood to be enricht have luck.  
 Courts shut the poore out, wealth gives estimation,  
 Thence grows the Judge and Knight of reputation,  
 All they possesse: they governe fields and lawes,  
 They manage peace, and raw warres bloody jawes,  
 Onely our loves let not such rich churles gaine,  
 Tis well, if some wench for the poore remaine.  
 Now *Sabine*-like, though chaste she seemes to live,  
 One she commands, who many things can give.  
 For me she doth keepe it, and husband feare,  
 If I should give, both would the house forbear.  
 If of scorn'd lovers God be venger just,  
 O let him change goods so ill got to dust.

### ELEGIA. 8.

*Tibulli mortem deslet.*

IF *Thetis* and the morne their sonnes did waile,  
 And envious fates great goddesses assaile,  
 Sad *Elegia* thy woefull haire unbind,  
 Ah now a name too true thou hast, I finde.  
*Tibullus*, thy workes Poet, and thy Fame,  
 Burnes his dead body in the funerall flame.  
 Loe, *Cupid* brings his quiver spoyled quite,  
 His broken bow, his fire-brand without light.  
 How pittreously with drooping wings he stands,  
 And knocks his bare brest with selfe-angry hands.  
 The locks spread on his necks receive his teares,  
 And shaking sobs his mouth for speeches beares.

## OVIDS ELEGIES.

So at Aeneas buriall men report,  
 Faire-fac'd Iulus, he went forth thy Court.  
 And Venus grieues, Tibullus life being spent,  
 As when the wild Boare Adonis groine had rent.  
 The gods care we are calld, the men of piery,  
 And some there be that thinke we have a diery,  
 Outragious death prophanes all holy things,  
 And on all creatures obscure darknesse brings  
 To Thracian Orpheus what did Parents good?  
 Or songs amazing wild beasts of the wood.  
 Where Linus by his father Phœbus laid,  
 To sing with his unequald Harpe is said.  
 See Homer from whose fountaine ever fild,  
 Pierian dew to Poets is distild.  
 Him the last day in blacke Auerne hath drownd,  
 Verses alone are with continuance crown'd.  
 The worke of Poets last Troyes labours fame,  
 And that slow webbe nights falsehood did anframe.  
 So Nemesis, so Delia famous are,  
 The one his first love, th'other his new care.  
 What profit to us hath our pure life bred?  
 What to have laine above in empty bed?  
 When bad Fates take good men, I am for bod  
 By secret thoughts to thinke there is a god.  
 Live godly, thou shalt dye, though honour hea-ven,  
 Yet shalt thy life be forcibly berea-ven.  
 Trust in good verse, Tibullus feesles deaths paines,  
 Scarce rests of all what a small Urne contains.  
 The sacred Poet could sad flames destroy?  
 Nor feared they thy body to annoy?  
 The holy gods gilt Temples they might fire,  
 That durst to so great wickednesse aspire.  
 Eryx bright Empreffe turnd her lookes aside,  
 And some that she refraind teares, have deny'd,  
 Yet better ist than if Corcyras Ile

## OVIDS ELEGIES.

Had thee unknowne interr'd in ground most vile,  
 Thy dying eyes here did thy mother close,  
 Nor did thy ashes her last offerings lose,  
 Part of her sorrow here thy sister bearing,  
 Comes forth her unkeemb'd locks asunder tearing.  
*Nemesis* and thy first wench joyne their kisses,  
 With thine, nor this last fire their presence misses,  
*Delia* departing happier lov'd the faith,  
 Was I : thou livedst while thou esteem'dst my faith.  
*Nemesis* answers, what's my losse to thee ?  
 His fainting hand in death engrasped me.  
 If ought remaines of us but name, and spirit,  
*Tibullus* doth *Elisiums* joy inherit.  
 Their youthfull browes with *Ivie* girt to meet him,  
 With *Calvus* learn'd *Catullus* comes and greet him,  
 And thou if falsly charged to wrong thy friend,  
*Gallus* that car'st not blood and life to spend,  
 With these my soule walkes, soules if death release,  
 The godly, sweet *Tibullus* doth increase.  
 Thy bones I pray may in the Urne safe rest,  
 And may th'earths weight thy ashes nought molest.

### ELEGIA. 9.

*Ad Cerecem, conquerens quod ejus sacra cum amica  
 concumbere non permittatur.*

COME were the times of *Ceres* sacrifice,  
 In empty bed alone my Mistris lies.  
 Golden hair'd *Ceres* crown'd with eares of corne,  
 Why are our pleasures by thy meanes forborne ?  
 Thee, goddesse, bountifull all nations judge,  
 Nor lesse at mans prosperity any grudge.  
 Rude husband-men bak'd not their Corne before,  
 Nor on the earth was knowne the name of floore.  
 On mast of Oakes, first Oracles, men fed,

This

## OVIDS ELEGIES.

This was their meate, the soft grasse was their bed,  
 First *Ceres* taught the seed in fields to swell,  
 And ripe-car'd Corne with sharp-edg'd fishes to fell.  
 She first constrain'd Bulls necks to beare the yoke,  
 And untill'd ground with crooked ploughshares broke  
 Who thinks her to be glad at lovers smart,  
 And worshipt by their paine, and lying apart?  
 Nor is she, though she loves the fertile fields,  
 A clowne, nor no love from her warme brest yeelds.  
 Be witnesse *Crete*, (nor *Crete* doth all things feigne)  
*Crete* proud that *Jove* her nourcery maintaine,  
 There, he who rules the worlds star-spangled towers,  
 A little boy drunke teate-distilling showers.  
 Faith to the witnesse *Joves* praise doth apply,  
*Ceres*, I thinke, no knowne fault will deny.  
 The goddesse saw *Iasion* on *Candyan* *Ida*,  
 With strong hand striking wild-beasts bristled hide:  
 She saw, and as her marrow tooke the flame,  
 Was divers wayes distract with love and shame.  
 Love conquer'd shame, the furrows dry were burn'd,  
 And Corne with least part of it selfe return'd.  
 When well-toss'd mattocks did the ground prepare,  
 Being fit broken with the crooked share,  
 And seeds were equally in large fields cast,  
 The plough-mans hopes were frustrate at the last.  
 The graine-rich goddesse in high woods did stry,  
 Her long haire care-wrought garland fell away.  
 Onely was *Crete* fruitfull that plenteous yeare,  
 Where *Ceres* went each place was harvest there.  
*Ida* the seat of groves did sing with corne,  
 Which by the wild boare in the woods was thorne.  
 Law-giving *Minos* did such yeares desire,  
 And wisht the goddesse long might feeke loves fire.  
*Ceres* what sports to thee so grievous were,  
 As in thy sacrifice we them forbear?

Why

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

Why am I sad, when *Proserpine* is found,  
And *Juno* like *Dis* reignes under ground ?  
Festivall dayes aske *Venus*, songs, and wine,  
These gifts are meet to please the powers divine.

## ELEGIA. 10.

*Ad amicam, à cuius amore discedere non potest.*

Long have I borne much, mad thy faults we make,  
Dishonest love my wearied breast forsake,  
Nor have I freed my selfe, and fled the chaine,  
And what I have borne, shame to beare againe.  
We vanquish, and tread tam'd love under feet,  
Victorious wreaths at length my Temples greet.  
Suffer and harden : good growes by this griefe,  
Oft bitter juyce brings to the sicke reliefe.  
I have sustain'd so oft thrust from the doore,  
To lay my body on the hard moist floore.  
I knew not whom thou lewdly didst embrace,  
When I to watch supplied a servants place.  
I saw when forth a tyred lover went,  
His side past service, and his courage spent.  
Yet this is lesse than if he had seene me,  
May that shame fall mine enemies chance to be:  
When have not I fixt to thy side close layed ?  
I have thy husband, guard and fellow played.  
The people by my company she pleas'd,  
My love was cause that more men love she seiz'd.  
What should I tell her vaine tongues filthy lyes,  
And to my losse God wrongin; perjuries ?  
What secret becks in banquets with her youths,  
With privy signes, and talke dissembling truths ?  
Hearing her to be sick, I thither ranne,  
But with my rivall sicke she was not than.  
These hardned me, with what I keepe obscure,

Some



## OVIDS ELEGIES.

Some other seeke, who will these things endure:  
 Now my ship in the wished haven crownd,  
 With joy heares *Neptunes* swelling waters sound,  
 Leave thy once powerfull words, and flatteries,  
 I am not as I was before, unwise.  
 Now love and hate my light brest each way move:  
 But victory, I thinke will hap to love.  
 Ile hate, if I can; if not, love gainst my will:  
 Bulls hate the yoke, yet what they hate have still.  
 I flye her lust, but follow beauties creature:  
 I loath her manners, love her bodies feature.  
 Nor with thee, nor without thee can I live,  
 And doubt to which desire the Palme to give.  
 Or lesse faire, or lesse lewd would thou mightst bee,  
 Beauty with lewdnesse doth right ill agree.  
 Her deeds gaine hate, her face intreateth love:  
 Ah, shee doth more worth than her vices prove.  
 Spare me, O by our fellow bed, by all  
 The Gods who by thee to be perjur'd fall,  
 And by thy face to me a power divine,  
 And by thine eyes whose radianc burnes out mine.  
 What ere thou art, mine art thou: chuse this course,  
 Wilt have me willing, or to love by force?  
 Rather Ile hoyst up saile, and use the winde,  
 That I may love yet, though against my minde.

### ELEGIA. II.

*Dolet amicam suam ita suis carminibus innocuisse  
 ut rivales multos sibi pararit.*

What day was that, which all sad haps to bring,  
 White birds to lovers did not alwaies sing.  
 Or is I thinke my wish against the starres?  
 Or shall I plaine some God against me warres?  
 Who mine was call'd, whom I lov'd more than any,

# OVIDS ELEGIES.

I feare with me is common now to many.  
 Erre I? or by my lookes is she so knowne?  
 'Tis so; by my wit her abuse is growne.  
 And justly: for her praise why did I tell?  
 The wench by my fault is set out to sell.  
 The Bawd I play, lovers to her I guide,  
 Her gate by my hand is set open wide.  
 'Tis doubtfull whether verse availe or harme,  
 Against my good there was an envious charme,  
 Wæen *Thebes*, when *Troy*, when *Cæsar* should be writ,  
 Alone *Corinna* moves my wanton wit.  
 With Muse oppos'd would I my lines had done,  
 And *Pæbus* had forsooke my worke begun.  
 Nor, as use will not Poets record here,  
 Would I my words would any credit beare.  
*Scylla* by us her fathers rich haire steales,  
 And *Scylla's* wombe made raging dogs conceales.  
 We cause feet flie, we mingle haires with snakes,  
 Victorious *Perseus* a wing'd steeds back takes,  
 Our verse great *Tityus* a huge space out-spreads,  
 And gives the viper curled Dog three heads.  
 We make *Euteladus* use a thousand armes,  
 And men enthrall'd by mermaids singing charmes.  
 The East winds in *Ulysses* bags we shut,  
 And blabbing *Tantalus* in mid-waters put.  
*Niobe* flint, *Callist* we make a Beare,  
 Bird-changed *Progne* doth her *Itys* teare.  
*Jove* turnes himselfe into a Swan, or gold,  
 Or his Bulls hornes *Europas* hand doth hold.  
*Proteus* what should I name? teeth, *Thebes* first seed?  
 Oxen in whose mouth's burning flames did breed,  
 Heav'n starre *Electra* that bewail'd her sisters?  
 The ships, whose god-head in the Sea now glisters?  
 The Sea turn'd back from *Atreus* curst table?  
 And sweet toucht harpe that to move stones was able?

Poets

## OVIDS ELEGIES.

Poets large power is boundlesse, and immense,  
Nor have their words true histories pretence,  
And my wench ought to have seem'd falsely prais'd,  
Now your credulity harme to me hath rais'd.

### ELEGIA. 12.

*De Junonis festo.*

When fruit fill'd *Tuscia* should a wife give me,  
We toucht the walles, *Camillus* wonne by thee.  
The Priests to *Juno* did prepare chaste feasts,  
With famous Pageants, and their home-bred beasts.  
To know their rites, well recompenc'd may stay,  
Though thither leads a rough steepe hilly way.  
There stands an old wood with thick trees dark clouded  
Who sees it, grants some diety there is shrowded.  
An altar takes mens incense and oblation,  
An altar made after the ancient fashion.  
Here when the Pipe with solemne tunes doth sound,  
The annuall pompe goes on the covered ground.  
White Heifers by glad people forth are led,  
Which with the grasse of *Tuscan* fields are fed.  
And calves from whose seard front no threatening sties,  
And little Pigs base Hog-sties sacrifice.  
And Rams with horns their hard heads wreath'd back,  
Onely the Goddess hated Goat did lack,  
By whom disclos'd, she in the high woods tooke,  
Is said to have attempted flight forlooke,  
Now is the goat brought through the boies with darts  
And give to him that the first wound imparts.  
Where *Juno* comes, each youth and pretty maid,  
Shew large wayes with their garments there displaid.  
Jewells, and gold their Virgin tresses crowne,  
And stately robes to their gilt feet hang downe,  
As is the use, the Nunnes in their white veiles clad,  
Vpon

# OVID'S ELEGIES.

Vpon their heads the holy mysteries had,  
When the chief pompe comes, loud the people hollow,  
And she her vestall virgin Priests doth follow,  
Such was the Greeke pompe, Agamemnon dead,  
Which fact, and countrey wealth *Halesus* fled.  
And having wandred now through sea and land,  
Built walls high towred with a prosperous hand.  
He to the *Hetrurians* *Funoos* feast commended,  
Let me, and them by it be aye be-friended.

## ELEGIA. 13.

*Ad amicam, si peccatura est, ut occultè peccet.*

Seeing thou art faire, I barre not thy false playing,  
But let not me poore soule know of thy straying.  
Nor doe I give thee counsell to live chaste,  
But that thou wouldst dissemble, when 'tis past,  
She hath not trod awry, that doth deny it;  
Such as confesse have lost their good names by it.  
What madnesse is't to tell night's pranks by day,  
And hidden secrets openly to bewray?  
The strumpet with the stranger will not doe,  
Before the roome be cleare, and doore put to.  
Will you make shipwracke of your honest name,  
And let the world be witnessse of the same?  
Be more advis'd, walke as a Puritan,  
And I shall thinke you chaste, doe what you can.  
Slip still, onely deny it, when 'tis done,  
And before folke immodest speeches shun.  
The bed is for lascivious toyings meet,  
There use all tricks, and tread shame under feet.  
When you are up, and drest, be sage and grave,  
And in the bed hide all the faults you have.  
Be not asham'd to strip you being there,  
And mingle thighes yours ever mine to beare.

There

## OVIDS ELEGIES.

There in your Rosie lips my tongue intombe,  
 Practise a thousand sports when there you come.  
 Forbeare no wanton words you there would speake,  
 And with your pastime let the bed-stead creak.  
 But with your Robes put on an honest face,  
 And blush, and seeme as you were full of grace.  
 Deceive all, let me erre, and thinke J am right,  
 And like a wittall thinke thee void of sight.  
 Why see I lines so oft receivd, and given?  
 And this bed and that by tumbling made uneven?  
 Like one start up your haire tost and displac'd,  
 And with a wantons tooth your neck new rac'd.  
 Grant this, that what you doe I may not see,  
 If you weigh not ill speeches, yet weigh me.  
 My soule fleets, when I thinke what you have done,  
 And thorow every veine doth cold blood run.  
 Then thee whom I must love, I hate in vaine,  
 And would be dead, but dead with thee remaine:  
 I'll not siff much, but hold thee soone excus'd,  
 Say but thou wert injuriously accus'd.  
 Though while the deed be doing you be tooke,  
 And I see when you ope the two-leav'd booke:  
 Swear I was blind, deny, if you be wise,  
 And I will trust your words more than my eyes.  
 From him that yeelds the palme is quickly got,  
 Teach but your tongue to say, J did it not,  
 And being justifi'd by two words thinke,  
 The cause acquits you not, but that J winke.

### ELEGIA. 14.

*Ad Venerem, quod elegiæ finem imponat.*

TENDER loves Mother a new Poet get,  
 This last end to my *Elegies* is set:  
 Which J *Pelignis* foster-childe have fram'd.

Nor



## OVIDS ELEGIES.

(Nor am I by such wanton toyes defam'd)  
 Heire of an ancient house, if helpe that can,  
 Not onely by warres rage made Gentleman.  
 In Virgil Mantua joyes, in Catul Verone,  
 Of me Pelignis nation boasts alone,  
 Who liberty to honest armes compeld,  
 When carefull Rome in doubt their prowesse held:  
 And some guest viewing watry Salmoes walles,  
 Where little ground to be inclos'd befallles.  
 How such a Poet could you bring forth, sayes,  
 How small to erre, I le you for greatest praise.  
 Both loves to whom my heart long time did yeeld,  
 Your golden ensignes pluckt out of my field,  
 Horned Bacchus graver fury doth distill,  
 A greater ground with great horse is to till.  
 Weake Elegies, delightfull Muse farewell,  
 A worke, that after my death, here shall dwell.

FINIS.

## Epigrammes.

By I. D.

Ad Musam. 1.

FLy merry Muse unto that merry towne,  
 Where thou maist playes, revels, and triumphs see,  
 The house of Fame, and Theater of renowne,  
 Where all good wits and spirits love to be,  
 Fall in betweene their hands, that love & praise thee,  
 And be to them a laughter and a jest:  
 But as for them which scorning shall reprove thee,  
 Disdaine their wits, and thinke thine one the best.  
 But if thou finde any so grosse and dull,  
 That thi ke I doe to private Taxing leane,  
 Bid him go hang, for he is but a gull.

And

# EPIGRAMS.

And knows not what an Epigramme does meane,  
Which taxeth under a peculiar name,  
A generall vice which merits publick blame.

## Of a Gull. 2.

**O**ft in my laughing rimes, I name a Gull,  
But this new terme will many questions breed,  
Therefore at first I will expresse at full,  
Who is a true and perfect Gull indeed.  
A Gull is he, who feares a Velvet gowne,  
And when a wench is brave, dares not speake to her:  
A Gull is he which traverseth the towne,  
And is for marriage knowne a common woer.  
A Gull is he, which while he proudly weares,  
A silver bilted Rapier by his side,  
Indures the eyes, and knocks about the eares,  
Whilst in his sheath his sleeping sword doth bide.  
A Gull is he which weares good handsome cloaths,  
And stands in presence stroaking up his haire,  
And fills up his unperfect speech with oaths,  
But speaks not one wise word throughout the yeare.  
But to define a Gull in termes precise,  
A Gull is he which seemes, and is not wise.

## In Rufum. 3.

**R**ufus the Courtier, at the Theater,  
Leaving the best and most conspicuous place,  
Doth either to the Stage himselfe transferrē,  
Or through a grate doth shew his double face.  
For that the clamorous fry of Innes of Court,  
Fills up the private roomes of greater price:  
And such a place where all may have resort,  
He in his singularity doth despise.  
Yet doth not his particular humour shun,  
The common stews and brothells of the towne,  
Though all the world in troops doe hither run,  
Cleane and uncleane, the gentle and the clowne:

# EPIGRAMS.

Then why should Rufus in his pride abhorre,  
A common seate that loves a common whore.

*In Quintum. 4.*

**Q**uintus the dancer useth evermore,  
His feet in measure and in rule to move:  
Yet on a time he call'd his Mistresse whore,  
And thought with that sweet word to win her love:  
Oh had this tongue like to his feet beene taught,  
It never would have uttered such a thought.

*In Plurimos. 5.*

**F**austinus, Sextus, Cinna, Ponticus,  
With Gella, Lesbia, Thais, Rhodope,  
Rode all to Stanes for no cause serious,  
But for their mirth, and for their leachery:  
Scarce were they settled in their lodging, when  
Wenches with wenches, men with men fell out.  
Men with their wenches, wenches with their men,  
Which straight dissolves this ill-assembled rout.  
But since the Devill brought them thus together,  
To my discourfing thoughts it is a wonder.  
Why presently asloone as they came thither,  
The selfe same devill did them part asunder.  
Doubtlesse it seemes it was a foolish devill,  
Thar thus did part them e're they did some evill.

*In Titam. 6.*

**T**itas the brave and valorous young gallant,  
Three yeares together in this towne hath beene,  
Yet my Lord Chancellors tombe he hath not seene,  
Nor the new water-worke, nor the Elephant.  
I cannot tell the cause without a smile,  
He hath beene in the Counter all this while.

*In Faustum. 7.*

**F**austus not Lord nor Knight, nor wise nor old,  
To every place about the towne doth ride:  
He rides into the fields Playes to behold,

He

# EPIGRAMS.

He rides to take Boat at the water side:  
 He rides to Pauls, he rides to th' Ordinary,  
 He rides unto the house of bawdery too:  
 Thither his horse doth him so often carry,  
 That shortly he will quite forget to goe.

*In Katum. 8.*

Kate being pleas'd, wisht that her pleasure could  
 Indure as long as a Buffe-jerkin would:  
 Content thee Kate, although thy pleasure wasteth,  
 Thy pleasures place like a Buffe-jerkin lasteth.  
 For no buffe-jerkin hath beene oftner worne,  
 Nor hath more scrapings, or more dressings borne.

*In Librum. 9.*

Liber doth vaunt how chaste he hath liv'd,  
 Since he hath bin seven yeares in towne and more,  
 For that he sweares he hath foure onely —,  
 A Maid, a wife, a widdow, and a whore.  
 Then Liber thou hast — all women kinde,  
 For a fift sort, I know thou canst not finde.

*In Medonem. 10.*

Great Captaine Medon weares a chaine of gold,  
 Which at five hundred Crownes is valued,  
 For that it was his grand-fires chaine of old;  
 When great King Henry Bulloigne conquered.  
 And weare it Medon, for it may ensue  
 That thou by vertue of this masse chaine,  
 A stronger towne than Bulloigne maist subdue,  
 if wise mens sawes be not reputed vaine.

For what said Philip King of Macedon?  
 There is no Castle so well fortified,  
 But if an Asseladen with gold comes on,  
 The guard will stoope, and gates flye open wide.

*In Gellam. 11.*

Gella if thou dost love thy selfe, take heed,  
 Lest thou my rimes unto thy lover read,

# EPIGRAMS.

For straight thou grin'st, and then thy lover seeth  
Thy canker-eaten gums and rotten teeth.

*In Quintum. 12.*

**Q**Vintus his wit infused into his braine,  
Mistakes the place, and fled into his feet,  
And there it wanders up and downe the streets,  
Dabled in the dirt, and soaked in the raine,  
Doubtlesse his wit intends not to aspye,  
Which leaves his head to travell in the mire.

*In Severum. 13.*

**T**He Puritan Severus oft doth read,  
This Text, that doth pronounce vaine speech a sin;  
That thing defiles a man that doth proceed  
From out the mouth, not that which enters in.  
Hence is it, that we seldome heare him sweare,  
And thereof as a Pharise he vaunts:  
But he devoures more Capons in one yeare,  
Then would suffice an hundred Protestants.  
And sooth those sectaries are gluttons all,  
As well the thred-bare Cobler, as the Knight.  
For those poore slaves which have not wherewithall  
Feed on the rich, till they devour them quite.  
And so as Pharoes kine, they eate up cleane  
Those that be fat, yet still themselves be leane.

*In Leucam. 14.*

**L**Euca in presence once a fart did let,  
Somelaught a little, she refus'd the place,  
And mad with shame, did then her glove forget,  
Which she return'd to fetch with bashfull grace:  
And when she would have said my glove,  
My fart (qd. she) which did more laughter move.

*In Macrum. 15.*

**T**Hou canst not speake, yet Macer, for to speake,  
Is to distinguish sounds significant:  
Thou with harsh noise the ayre dost rudely breake,

But



# EPIGRAMS.

But what thou utterest common sence doth want,  
Halfe *English* words, with fustian termes among,  
Much like the burthen of a Northerne song.

*In Fastum. 16.*

THat youth saith Faustus, hath a Lyon scene,  
Who from a dicing-house comes money-lesse:  
But when he lost his haire, where had he beene,  
I doubt me he had seene a Lyonesse.

*In Cosmum. 17.*

Cosmus hath more discoursing in his head,  
Than love, when Pallas issued from his braine,  
And still he strives to be delivered,  
Of all his thoughts at once, but all in vaine.  
For as we see at all the play-house doores,  
When ended is the Play, the dance, and song,  
A thousand townes-men, Gentlemen, and whores,  
Porters and serving-men together throng,  
So thoughts of drinking, thriving, wenching, warre,  
And borrowing money, raging in his mind,  
To issue all at once so forward are,  
As none at all can perfect passage find.

*In Flaccum. 18.*

THE false knave Flaccus once a bribe I gave,  
The more foole I to bribe so false a knave:  
But he gave back my bribe, the more foole he,  
That for my folly did not couden me.

*In Cineam. 19.*

THou dogged Cineas, hated like a dogge,  
For still thou grumblest like a mastie dogge,  
Compar'st thy selfe to nothing but a dogge.  
Thou saist thou art as weary as a dogge,  
As angry, si ke, and hungry as a dogge,  
As dull and melancholly as a dogge,  
As lazy, sleepy, and as idle as a dogge:  
But why dost thou compare thee to a dogge?

# EPIGRAMS.

In that, for which all men despise a dogge,  
I will compare thee better to a dogge,  
Thou art as faire and comely as a dogge,  
Thou art as true and honest as a dogge,  
Thou art as kind and liberall as a dogge,  
Thou art as wise and valiant as a dogge.

But *Cineas*, I have heard thee tell,  
Thou art as like thy father as may be.  
'Tis like enough, and faith I like it well,  
But I am glad thou art not like to me.

In *Gerontem*. 20.

**G**ERONS mouldy memory corrects,  
Old Holinshed, our famous Chronicler  
With morall rules, and policy collect  
Out of all actions done these fourescore yeares.  
Accounts the time of every old event,  
Not from Christs birth, nor from the Princes raigne,  
But from some other famous accident,  
Which in mens generall notice doth remaine.

The siege of Bulloigne and the plaguy sweat,  
The going to St. Quintins and New-haven,  
The rising in the North, the frost so great,  
That Cart-wheeles prints on Thamys face were seene.

The fall of money, and burning of Pauls steeple;  
The blazing Starre, and Spaniards overthrow:  
By these events, notorious to the people,  
He measures times, and things fore past doth show.  
But most of all he chiefly reckons by,  
A private chance, the death of his curst wife:  
This is to him the dearest memory  
And the happiest accident of all his life.

In *Marcum*. 21.

**W**HEN *Marcus* comes from *Minnes*, hee still doth  
By come on seaven, that all is lost and gone;

But

## EPIGRAMS.

But that's not true, for he hath lost his haire,  
Onely for that he came too much at one.

*In Ciprum. 22.*

**T**He fine youth Ciprius is more tierse and neate  
Than the new garden of the old Temple is,  
And still the newest fashion he doth get,  
And with the time doth change from that to this.  
He weares a hat now of the flat-crowne block,  
The treble ruffles, long cloake, and Doublet French,  
He takes Tobacco, and doth weare a lock,  
And wastes more time in dressing than a wench:  
Yet this new fangled youth, made for these times  
Doth above all, praise old George Gascoines rimes.

*In Cineam. 23.*

**W**Hen *Cineas* comes amongst his friends in morning,  
He slyly spies who first his cap doth move,  
Him he salutes, the rest so grimly scorning,  
As if for ever they had lost his love.  
I seeing how it doth the humour fit  
Of this fond gull to be saluted first,  
Catch at my cap, but move it not a whit.  
Which to perceiving he seemes for spite to burst  
But *Cineas*, why expect you more of me,  
Than I of you? I am as good a man,  
And better too by many a quality,  
For vault, and dance, and fence and rime I can.  
You keep a whore at your own charge men tell me,  
Indeed friend (*Cineas*) therein you excell me.

*In Gallum. 24.*

**G**allus hath beene this Summer-time in Friesland,  
And now return'd bespeaks such warlike words,  
As if I could their English understand:  
I feare me they would cut my throat like swords:  
He talkes of Counterscarfes, and Casomates,  
Of Parapets, of Curteneys and pallizadoes,

# EPIGRAMS.

Of flankers, ravelings, gabions he prates,  
 And of false baits, and sallies, and saladoes.  
 But to requite such gulling tearmes at these,  
 With words of my profession I reply:  
 I tell of fourching, vouchers, and counterpleas,  
 Of withermans, essoynes, and Champarty.  
 So neither of us understanding one another,  
 We part as wise, as when we came together.

In Decium. 25.

AUdacious Painters have Nine Worthies made,  
 But Poet Decius more audacious farre;  
 Making his Mistris march with men of warre,  
 With title of tenth worthy doth her lade.  
 Me thinkes that gull did use his tearmes as fit,  
 Which tearm'd his love a gyant for her wit.

In Gellam. 26.

IF Gellas beauty be examined,  
 She hath a dull dead eye, a saddle-nose,  
 And ill shap't face with morphem overspread,  
 And rotten teeth which she in laughing shows.  
 Briefly she is the filthiest wench in towne,  
 Of all that doe the art of whoring use:  
 But when she hath put on her sattin-gowne,  
 Her our lawne apron, and her velvet shooes,  
 Her greene silke stockins, and her perticoat,  
 Of taffaty, with golden fringe a-round,  
 And is withall perfum'd with civet hot  
 Which doth her valiant stinking breath confound.  
 Yet she with these additions is no more,  
 Than a sweet, filthy, fine ill-favoured whore.

In Syllam. 27.

SYlla is often challenged to the field,  
 To answer as a Gentleman his foes;  
 But then he doth this answer onely yeeld,  
 That he hath livings and faire lands to lose.

Sylla,

## EPIGRAMS.

Sylla, if none but beggars valiant were,  
The King of Spaine would put us all in feare.

*In Syllam. 28.*

Who dares affirme that Sylla dares not fight,  
When I dare sweare he dares adventure more  
Than the most brave and all-daring might,  
That ever armes with resolution bore.  
He that dares touch the most unwholsome whore,  
That ever was retir'd into the spittle,  
And dares court wenches standing at a doore,  
(The portion of his wit being passing little.)  
He that dares give his dearest friends offences,  
Which other valiant fooles doe feare to doe,  
And when a fever doth confound his senses,  
Dare eat raw beefe, and drinke strong wine thereto.  
He that dares take Tobacco on the stage,  
Dares man a whore at noone-day through the street:  
Dares dance in Pauls, and in this formall age,  
Dares say and doe what ever is unmeet:  
Whom feare of shame could never yet affright,  
Who dares affirme that Sylla dares not fight?

*In Haywoodum. 29.*

Haywood, that did in Epigrams excell,  
Is now put downe since my light Muse arose,  
As Buckets are put downe into a Well,  
Or as a Schoole-boy putteth downe his hose.

*In Dacum. 30.*

Amongst the Poets Dacus numbred is,  
Yet could he never make an English rime,  
But some prose speeches I have heard of his,  
Which have beene spoken many an hundred time.  
The man that keeps the Elephant hath one,  
Wherein he tells the wonders of the beast.  
Another Bankes pronounced long ago,  
When he his curtailes qualities exprest.

He



## EPIGRAMS.

He first taught him that keeps the monuments,  
At Westminster, his formall tale to say,  
And also him which Puppets represents,  
And also him which with the Ape doth play:  
Though all his Poetry belike to this,  
Amongst the Poets Datus numbred is.

In Priscum. 31.

WHEN Priscus rais'd from low to high estate,  
Rode through the street in pompous jollity,  
Caius his poore familiar friend of late,  
Be-spake him thus: Sir now you know not me.  
'Tis likely friend (quoth Priscus) to be so,  
For at this time my selfe I doe not know.

In Brunum. 32.

BRUNUS which deemes himselfe a faire sweet yout h,  
Is thirty nine yeares of age at least,  
Yet wds he never, to confesse the truth,  
But a dry starveling when he was at best:  
This gull was sicke to shew his Night-cap fine,  
And his wrought pillow over-spread with Lawne,  
But hath beene well since his griefes cause hath line  
At Trollups by Saint Clements Church in pawne.

In Francum. 33:

WHEN Francus comes to solace with his whore,  
He sends for Rods, & strips himselfe stark naked;  
For his lust sleeps, and will not rise before,  
By whipping of the wench it be awaked.  
I envie him not, but with I had the powre  
To make my selfe his wench but one halfe houre.

In Castorem. 34.

OF speaking well why doe we learne the skill?  
Hoping thereby honour and wealth to gaine,  
Subrayting Castor doth by speaking ill,  
Opinion of much wit and gold obtaine.

# EPIGRAMS.

In Septimium. 35.

SEptimius lives, and is like Garlick seene,  
For though his head be white, his blade is Greene,  
This old mad Coult deserves a Martyrs praise,  
For he was burned in Queene Mariæ daies.

Of Tobacco. 36.

Homer of Moly and Nepenthe sings,  
Mo'y the Gods most soveraigne Hearb diuine:  
Nepenthe Heavens drinke, most gladnesse brings,  
Hearts grieve expells, and doth the wits refine,  
But this our age another world hath found,  
From whence an Hearb of heavenly power is brought,  
Moly is not so soveraigne for a wound,  
Nor hath Nepenthe so great wonders wrought.  
It is Tobacco, whose sweet substantiall fume  
The hellish torment of the teeth doth ease,  
By drawing downe, and drying up the rheume,  
The Mother and the Nurse of each disease.  
It is Tobacco which doth cold expell,  
And cleares the obstructions of the Arteries,  
And surfeits threatening Death digesteth well,  
Decocting all the stomacks crudities.  
It is Tobacco which hath power to clarifie  
The cloudy mists before dimme eyes appearing,  
It is Tobacco which hath power to rarifie  
The thick grosse humour which doth stop the hearing,  
The wasting Hellick, and the Quartaine Fever,  
Which doth of Physick make a mockery.  
The Gout it cures, and helps ill breaths for ever,  
Whether the cause in teeth or stomack be.  
And though ill breaths were by it but confounded,  
Yet that medicine it doth farre excell,  
Which by Sir Thomas Moore hath beene propounded,  
For this is thought a Gentleman-like smell,  
O that I were one of these Mountebankes,

Which

# EPIGRAMS.

Which praise their Oyles and Powders which they sell,  
My customers would give me coyne with thanks,  
I for this ware, forsooth a Tale would tell.  
Yet would I use none of these tearmes before,  
I would but say, that it the Poxe will cure:  
This were enough, without discoursing more,  
All our brave gallants in the towne allure.

In Crassum. 37.

Crassus his lyes are not pernicious lyes,  
But pleasant fictions hurtfull unto none,  
But to himselfe, for no man counts him wise,  
To tell for truth, that which for false is knowne.  
He swears that Gaunt is three-score miles about,  
And that the bridge at Paris on the Seyn,  
Is of such thicknesse, length, and breadth throughout,  
That sixe score Arches can it scarce sustaine.  
He swears he saw so great a dead mans scull,  
At Canterbury dig'd out of the ground,  
That would containe of wheat three bushels full:  
And that in Kent are twenty Ycomen found,  
Of which the poorest every yeare dispends  
Five thousand pounds: these and five thousand mo,  
So oft he hath recited to his friends,  
That now himselfe, perswades himselfe 'tis so.  
But why doth Crassus tell his lyes so rife,  
Of Bridges, Townes, and things that have no life?  
He is a Lawyer, and doth well espie,  
That for such lyes an Action will not lye.

In Philonem. 38.

Philo the Lawyer and the Fortune-teller,  
The Schoole-master, the Midwife, and the Bawd,  
The Conjuror, the buyer, and the seller,  
Or painting which with breathing will be thaw'd.  
Doth practise Physicke, and his credit grows,  
As doth the Ballad-singers auditory,

Which

## EPIGRAMS.

Which hath at Temple barre his standing Close,  
 And to the vulgar sings an Ale-house story.  
 First stands a Porter, then an Oyster-wife,  
 Doth stint her cry, and stay her steps to heare him.  
 Then comes a Cut-purse ready with a knife,  
 And then a Countrey Client passeth neare him.  
 There stands the Constable, there stands the Whore,  
 And listning to the Song, heed not each other.  
 There by the Serjsant stands the debtor,  
 And doth no more mistrust him than his brother:  
 Thus Orpheus to such Hearers giveth Musick,  
 And Philo to such Patients giveth Physick.

In *Fuscum*. 39.

*Fuscus* is free, and hath the world at will,  
 Yet in the course of life that he doth lead,  
 He's like a horse which turning round a Mill,  
 Doth alwayes in the selfe same circle tread:  
 First he doth rise at ten, and at eleven  
 He goes to Gyls, where he doth eate till one,  
 Then sees a Play till sixe, and sups at seven,  
 And after supper, straight to bed is gone:  
 And there till ten next day he doth remaine,  
 And then he dines, and sees a Comedy:  
 And then he suppes, and goes to bed againe,  
 Thus round he runs without variety,  
 Save that sometimes he comes not to the Play,  
 But falls into a whore-house by the way.

In *Afrum*. 40.

The smell-fraight Afer, travailes to the Burse  
 Twice every day the newest newes to heare,  
 Which when he hath no money in his purse,  
 To rich men stables he doth often beare:  
 He tells how Gronigen is taken in,  
 By the brave conduct of illustrious Vere,  
 And how the Spanish forces Brest would win,

But

# EPIGRAM

But that they doe victorious Norris feare.  
 No sooner is a ship at Sea surpris'd,  
 But straight he learnes the news, and doth disclose it:  
 Faire written in a scrowle he hath names  
 Of all the widdows which the Plague hath made,  
 And persons, times, and places, still he frames,  
 To every tale the better to perswade:  
 We call him Fame, for that the wide-mouth slave  
 Will eat as fast as he will utter lies.  
 For Fame is said an hundred mouths to have,  
 And he eats more than would five score suffice.

In Paulum. 41.

BY lawfull mart, and by unlawfull stealth,  
 Paulus in spite of envy fortunate,  
 Derives out of the Ocean so much wealth,  
 As he may well maintaine a Lords estate,  
 But on the land a little gulfe there is,  
 Wherein he drowneeth all the wealth of his.

In Licum. 42.

LYcus which lately is to Venice gone,  
 Shall if he doe returne, gaine three for one:  
 But ten to one his knowledge and his wit,  
 Will not be bettered or increas'd a whit.

In Publium. 43.

PUBLIUS Student at the Common law,  
 Oft leaves his Bookes, and for his recreation,  
 To Paris-garden doth himselfe withdraw,  
 Where he is ravisht with such delectation,  
 As downe amongst the Beares and Dogges he goes,  
 Where whilst he skipping cries head to head:  
 His fatten doublet and his velvet hose,  
 Are all with spittle from above be-spread.  
 When he is like his fathers countrey shall,  
 Stinking with dogges, and mured all with haukes,  
 And rightly too on him this filth doth fall.

Which



## EPIGRAMS:

Which for such filthy sports his bookes forsakes,  
Leaving old Ployden, Dyer, and Brooke alone,  
To see old Harry Hunkes, and Sacarson.

In Sillam. 44.

When I this proposition had defended,  
A coward cannot be an honest man,  
Thou Silla seem'st forth-with to be offended,  
And holds the contrary, and swears he can,  
But when I tell thee that he will forsake  
His dearest friend, in perill of his life,  
Thou then art chang'd, and sayst thou didst mistake,  
And so we end our argument and strife.

Tet I thinke oft, and thinke I thinke aright,  
Thy argument argues thou wilt not fight.

In Dacum. 45.

Dacum with some good colour and pretence,  
Tearmes his loves beauty silent eloquence:  
For she doth lay more colours on her face,  
Than ever Tully us'd his speech to grace.

In Marcum. 46.

Why dost thou Marcus in thy misery,  
Raile and blasphemee, and call the heavens unkinde,  
The heavens doe owe no kindnesse unto thee,  
Thou hast the heavens so little in thy minde,  
For in thy life thou neuer usest prayer,  
But at Primero to encounter faire.

Meditations of a Gull. 47.

See yonder melancholy Gentleman,  
Which hood-wink'd with his hat, alone doth sit,  
Thinke what he thinks, and tell me if you can,  
What great affaires troubles his little wit.  
He thinks not of the warre 'twixt France & Spaine,  
Whether it be for Europes good or ill,  
Nor whether the Empire can it selfe maintaine  
Against the Turkish power encroching still.

Noe

EPIGRAMS.

Nor what great towne in all the Netherlands,  
The States determine to besiege this spring,  
Nor how the *Scottish* policy now stands,  
Nor what becomes of the *Irish* ranting.  
But he doth seriously bethinke him whether  
Of the gull'd people he be more esteem'd,  
For his long cloake, or his great black feather,  
By which each gull is now a gallant deem'd.  
Or of a journey he deliberates,  
To Paris-garden, Cock-pit or the Play.  
Or how to steale a Dog he meditates,  
Or what he shall unto his mistris say:  
Yet with these thoughts he thinks himselfe most fit  
To be of Counsell with a King for wit.

*Ad Musam. 48.*

PEace idle Muse, have done, for it is time,  
Since lousie Ponticus envies my fame,  
And swears the better sort are much to blame  
To make me so well knowne for my ill-rime:  
Yet Banks his horse is better knowne than he,  
So are the Cammels and the westerne Hog,  
And so is Lepidus his printed Dog:  
Why doth not Ponticus their fames envie?  
Besides, this Muse of mine, and the blacke feather  
Grew both together in estimation,  
And both growne stale, were cast away together:  
What fame is this that scarce lasts out a fashion.  
Onely this last in credit doth remaine,  
That from henceforth, each bast and cast forth rime,  
Which doth but savour of a libell vaine,  
Shall call me father, and be thought my crime.  
So dull and with so little sence endit d,  
Is my grose-beaded Iudge, the multitude.



I. D.



PVBLII  
OVIDII NASONIS  
DE ARTE AMANDI

OR,

*The Art of Love.*

